

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1877.

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A New Poetic Play by W. G. Wills, author of Charles I., Eugene Aram, Jane Shore, &c. Miss VIOLA DACRE, supported by a strongly organised company. Repertoire—Camille (by W. G. Wills), Dreams (by T. W. Robertson), Faust (new version). Managers having a provincial theatre to rent for a short season, address, Duke's Theatre, Holborn, E.C.

A MATEUR THEATRICALS.—Framework OF DRAWING-ROOM THEATRE, 10 feet square, 8 wings, 3 canvas drops, to ding and side doors, wood scene, all canvas partly papered, various accessories, no nails in wall, lowest price, £6, may be seen by appointment.—29, Park-street, Grosvenor-square.

VICTORIA CLAFLIN WOODHULL, the great American Orator, will deliver her STARTLING LECTURE, "The Human Body, the Temple of God," at St. James's Hall, December 8, 11, and 14, at eight o'clock.—Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; admission, 1s. Tickets at Austin's, St. James's Hall, and usual agents.

THE WANDERERS' CLUB, Pall Mall. This Club having now reached 1,378 Members, there remain only 200 VACANCIES. Annual Subscription: Town Members, 8 Guineas; Country Members, 4 Guineas; Members Abroad, 2 Guineas. Present Entrance Fee, 10 Guineas. Apply to the Secretary.

SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW OF CATTLE, IMPLEMENTS, ROOTS, &c., &c.

SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON, MONDAY, Dec. 10, at 2 o'clock. Admission 5s. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 9 o'clock. Admission One Shilling. S. SIDNEY, Secretary. Agricultural Hall Co. (Limited), Barford-street, Islington.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME having proved the Greatest Success of the Season WILL BE REPEATED EVERY NIGHT at 8. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 3 also. Doors open for the Day Performances at 2.30; for the Evening ditto at 7.15. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s. and 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees. No Charge for programmes.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF "AT THE SEA SIDE," & "NO. 204." MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ONCE IN A CENTURY, by Gilbert A. Beckett, after which a musical sketch, entitled AT THE SEA SIDE, by Mr. Corney Grain, and NO. 204. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. Alfred Reed. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; morning representations every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s., can be secured in advance without fee.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, OXFORD CIRCUS.

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Admission 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Boxing Night, December 26, will be produced the Grand Christmas Comic Pantomime, THE WHITE CAT, by E. L. Blanchard, scenery by W. Beverley, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their re-appearance in London. Double Harlequinade. Morning Performance, December 27. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Walter Gooch. Re-appearance of Miss Heath. Immense success of the Grand Revival for FOUR WEEKS ONLY, (Commencing Nov. 24) of JANE SHORE, (127th night), with entirely new Scenery, Dresses, &c. Supported by Miss Heath. Messrs. C. Warner, W. Rignold, Howard, Russell, &c. Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. R. Power. Misses Illington, Barry &c. Preceded at 7 by the laughable farce OUT TO NURSE, in which Miss Fanny Leslie, Miss Harvey, Messrs. W. H. Stephens, Haynes, and Harry Jackson will appear. In preparation and will be produced at Christmas, ELFINELLA, in which Miss Heath will play the principal character.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, B. Webster. Manager, F. B. Chatterton. Every Evening at 7, THE DEAL BOATMAN, at 8.15 FORMOSA. Messrs. S. Emery, L. Lablache, H. Russell, Edward George, J. Johnston, D. Cox, and H. Sinclair, &c. Mesdames Leighton, Billington, Hudspeh, Alma Murray, Clara Jecks, Stenbridge, E. Phillips, Kate Varre, &c. Prices 6d. to £4 4s. Box office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Buckstone.—At 7.30 the farce BY THE SEA. At 8.15, an original farcical Comedy by W. S. Gilbert, entitled ENGAGED, produced under the immediate direction of the Author. Mesdames Marion Terry, Julia Stewart, Lucy Buckstone, E. Thorne, J. Roselle, M. Harriss, Morelli, Harrison, etc. Messrs. Howe, F. Dewar, Kyrle, Crouch, Weathersby, Rivers, and George Honey, (specially engaged). Doors open at 7. Box-office 10 to 5. Morning Performance on Saturday next at 2.30.

HENRY DUNBAR, last 11 Nights, by Tom Taylor, powerfully cast, and a ROUGH DIAMOND, by J. B. Buckstone, (for a limited number of nights). Box-office hours 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Pries from 1s. to £3 3s. Doors open at 7; commence at 7.30—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. 248th NIGHT OF PINK DOMINOS. Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT, Samson Burr, Mr. John Clarke. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS, MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM. Supported by Messrs. J. Clarke, Standing, Ashley, Harris. Mesdames Fanny Josephs, M. Davis, Eastlake, Rose Saker, E. Bruce. Morning Performance of PINK DOMINOS, Saturday, 15th December.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

CRITERION THEATRE. Mr. Henderson has much pleasure in announcing the following Series of SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCES. Saturday, December 15th, THE PINK DOMINOS, supported by Mr. Charles Wyndham and the entire Company. Saturday, December 22nd, THE AMERICAN LADY. Supported by Mr. Charles Wyndham and a powerful company. Seats can be secured for either or all of the above performances, at the Box-office, and at all the libraries. Doors open at 2, commencing at 2.30, terminating about 4.30.

FOLLY THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. First appearance of Mr. W. J. Hill. On Saturday, 8th December, and every Evening at 7.30 the comedy in 2 acts, by H. Merivale entitled PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY, to be followed at 8.45 with a musical absurdity, by A. Phillips, entitled CRAZED.—Mr. Heethoven Brown, Mr. W. J. Hill; Sally, Miss Violet Cameron. Concluding at 9.30 with the charming musical Extravaganza of "SHOOTING STARS." In active preparation, A Grand Christmas production, full particulars will be shortly announced. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

NEW ROYALTY.—Miss Kate Santley, Lessee and Manageress.—51st night of La Marjolaine. Every Evening at 8.15, Lecoq's celebrated comic opera, LA MARJOLAINE. Miss Kate Santley, supported by Miss Rose Cullen, &c.; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, Mervin, Beyer, and Lionel Brough. Box office open from 11 till 5 daily.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE. Every Evening, punctually at 8.15, will be performed an original Comedy of modern life, in Five Acts, entitled THE HOUSE OF DARNLEY, written by Lord Lytton (Author of "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," "Money," &c). Characters by Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss B. Henri, Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. Titheradge, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Hare. The scenery has been painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford. Box-office hours, 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, TIMOTHY IN THE RESCUE. At 7.45, FAMILY TIES. Messrs. H. Wigan, Marius, Cox, Penley, Carter. Mesdames L. Venne, M. Holme, Foster, Williams, &c. At 9.40, CHAMPAGNE; Messrs. Cox, Marius, Penley, &c. Mesdames Claremont, Venne, &c.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Under the Management of Mr. E. RIGHTON. STOLEN KISSES at 7.45 Every Evening. ISAAC OF YORK at 9.45. Preceded at 7, by £200 A-VEAR. Morning Performances Every Saturday. Saturday, Dec. 8th, MONEY. Mr. Henry Neville, and Mrs. John Wood.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—935th Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30. A WHIRLIGIG; at 8. the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron, (935th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG, Supported by Messrs. Farren, Thorne, Garthorne, Bernard, Lestock, Austin and James. Mesdames Hollingshead, Bishop, Walters, Richards, Larkin, &c. Free list entirely suspended. N.B.—On Wednesday Morning next, at 2.30, THE ROAD TO RUIN, full company.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—Every Evening at 8 o'clock, MADAME ANGOT. Artistes: Mdles. DOLARO, Robson, Newton, Chambers, and D'ANKA. Messrs. Nordblom, Ryley, Hurry, Hall, F. Cook, etc., and the GRAND BALLET YOLANDE. Cascades of real Water and Novel Effects. Danseuses—Mdles. Passani, Gillert, Pertoldi, &c. Prices from 6d. Commence at 7.20.

OPERA COMIQUE.—THE SORCERER.—Every Evening, at 8.45, this entirely new and original modern comic Opera, by Mesrs. W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Miss's Alice May, Giulia Warwick, H. Everard, and B. Brindan; Messrs. Eantham, Temple, Rutland, Barrington, F. Clifton, and G. Grossmith, jun. At 8.0, DORA'S DREAM. Doors open at 7.30. Prices 1s. to £3 3s.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest. NOTICE.—The New Grecian, capable of holding nearly 5,000 persons is acknowledged to be the most perfect theatre yet built. The entrances to the Boxes and Stalls are direct from the street, and entirely separate from the rest of the establishment. Every Evening at 7 o'clock, Conquest and Pettitt's successful Drama BOUND TO SUCCEED. Messrs. Geo. Conquest, W. Jaines, Sennett, Syms, Nicholls, Birchenough, Gillett, Geo. Conquest, Jun., &c. Misses Mabel Verner, Victor, Denvil, &c. To conclude with HAND AND GLOVE, by Conquest and Merritt. Dancing in the New Hall.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA (The Great) THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—All the week, at a quarter before 7, RIP VAN WINKLE. Messrs. Howe, Towers, Rigwood, Rhoys, Hyde, Wray, Pitt. Mdles. Bellair, Summers, Rayner. Followed by a Diversified Entertainment. Prunier (Roneless Wonder), Jenny Hill, Brothers Raynor, Madame Felix. Concluding with TWO SONS, by K. Manuel, Esq. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Drayton, Reeve, Lewis, Pitt. Mdles. Adams, Brewer, Pettifer. On Monday, Dec. 17th, most unusual attractions, for the Annual Benefit of Mrs. S. Lane, and the Last Night of the Season.

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The CAFE part of these celebrated SUPPER ROOMS is Now Open for the reception of Ladies. The body of the Hall being still reserved exclusively for Gentlemen. EVANS'S WORLD-RENOUNDED CHOIR OF BOYS, Every Evening, specially trained by, and under the direction of Mr. F. JONGHMANS. Admission, One Shilling. Ladies, Two Shillings. OPEN AT EIGHT. FIRST CHORUS AT 8.30. SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES. Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

RECITATIONS by Miss ELLA and Mr. FRANK DIETZ, at SOUTH-PLACE CHAPEL, Finsbury, DECEMBER 12th, 8 p.m.; and at LANGHAM HALL, Great Portland-street, DECEMBER 14th, at 8 p.m. Tickets at the doors; or of Mr. Dietz, 54, Denbigh-street, S.W.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Week ending Dec. 15. Monday, Dec. 10.—Orchestral Band. Tuesday, Dec. 11.—Comedy, "THE AMERICAN LADY," Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Charles Wyndham, and strong cast. Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Special Performance of Opera in English. Production of Cinarosa's celebrated Comic Opera "IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO" (The Secret Marriage), with new English Libretto by W. Grist; Madame Cave-Ashton, Miss Florence St. John, Mdm. Alice Barth, Mr. Bernard Lane, Mr. George Fox and Mr. Richard Temple, by permission of Mr. D'Oyly Carte. Thursday, Dec. 13.—Comedy, "OUR BOYS" by Messrs. James and Thorne, and the Vaudeville Company. Friday, Dec. 14.—Comedy, "PAUL PRY," Mr. Lionel Brough and strong cast. Saturday, Dec. 15.—J. L. Hatton's Sacred Drama "HEZEKIAH;" Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Patey; Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley. Full band and chorus. Numbered Stalls at all of the above may now be secured. Dramatic Performances and Opera, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; Sacred Drama, 2s. 6d. Admission to Palace: Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half-a-crown, or by Season Ticket.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER. ZAZEL daily at 5.30 and 10.30. Farini's Laplanders daily from 1 till 10. Vocal and Instrumental Concert every Evening. Grand Variety Entertainment twice daily. Sextilian, Dare Brothers, Professor Brown, Carlo Benedetti, the Brothers Raynor, Matthews' Minstrels (original C.C.C. of St. James's Hall), Mrs. Walllett. Afternoon Theatre.—Every Afternoon at a Quarter to Three, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, with powerful cast—Mr. W. Farren, Miss M. Litton, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Miss Brennan, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. C. Cooper, and full company. All the tanks well stocked. The pleasantest lounge in London—wet or dry. The Cruickshank Gallery and war sketches of Illustrated London News now on view. Admission daily One Shilling. Open 11 a.m., close 11 p.m. Read above programme and the programmes of other places of amusement, and judge for yourselves where you will go.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's-park, are open daily (except Sunday). Admission 1s., on Monday 6d., children always 6d. The New Lion House is now open. There is a herd of fine Reindeer now on view.

EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES in OIL, DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is OPEN DAILY from 10 till 5. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d. R. F. McNAIR, Secretary.

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON DECEMBER 12th.

"THE GOSSIPS' BOWL." IS THE TITLE OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

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A fac-simile Copy in Colours, Printed by Leighton Brothers, of a Picture by J. T. LUCAS, entitled

"CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK."

The Principal Story is by MISS BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Weavers and Weft," &c., and is entitled

"THOU ART THE MAN."

Amongst the Illustrations of this specially attractive number, will be found the following:—

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- ANOTHER CHIP! Drawn by JOHN STURGESS.
- WHO CHECKS AT ME TO DEATH IS DIGHT. Drawn by W. W. OULESS, A.R.A.
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OFFICE, 148, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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The Jewellery Business now carried on at 18, NEW BOND-STREET, is the third oldest established amongst the Court Jewellers of England. It was first established in Bevis Marks, in the City of London, during the XVIIth Century, was afterwards removed and carried on as a West-end Jeweller's in Hanover-square, and from thence to 18, NEW BOND-STREET.

Warrants of Appointment were given during the reigns of George III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria, as Jewellers, Goldsmiths, Silversmiths, and Watchmakers.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE formation of a new United North of England Eleven is an event in the Cricket world which deserves very special notice. Since the retirement from active participation in the game of the veteran Roger Iddison, we have heard little or nothing about a certain U.N.E.E., which, in its day, was a very formidable team indeed, thanks in some measure to the fact that George Freeman, then at his best, took part in the matches. We are glad to find that the new association is thoroughly representative, and we hope, now that its formation is accomplished, to see it take the field at Lord's, against the United South of England Eleven, on Whit Monday, for the benefit of the Cricketers' Fund. Those two elevens ought also to open "the week" at Canterbury. For the rest it does not much matter. The meeting to which we have referred took place on Tuesday week, at Sheffield. There were present Messrs. E. Lockwood, R. G. Barlow, A. Greenwood, Hill, G. Ulyett, T. Armitage, G. Pinder, G. Hay, J. Selby, A. Shaw, J. Platts, W. Bates, A. Champion, and W. Mycroft. In addition to the above the following gentlemen have consented to play in the matches, viz., Messrs. A. N. Hornby (captain), P. Smith, V. Royle, A. Appleby, and Rev. E. S. Carter; Shrewsbury, A. Watson, W. McIntyre, T. Emmett, D. Eastwood, W. Rigley, G. Frost, and W. Barnes. G. Pinder was elected secretary. It behoves the U.S.E.E. to strengthen their forces in view of their formidable antagonists, and we suppose they could not do better, by way of a start, than secure the services of Barratt.

MR. JOHN ROBINSON, of Pelham House, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, begs us to favour him by inserting an "explanation," which runs thus:—

"The following paragraph recently appeared in several of the London newspapers, and has been extensively copied by the provincial press:

Mr. John Robinson, described as a betting man, was recently elected a member of the Town Council of Nottingham; and, apparently to celebrate the auspicious event, he handed over £500 to the local ministers of religion for the benefit of the poor. These ministers, of all denominations, it is now stated, have indignantly declined the offer.

"Will you kindly allow me, sir, to intimate that this paragraph is a malicious one, and its insinuations devoid of truth. THE MONEY (£500) HAS BEEN ALL APPLIED FOR, AND PAID OVER, SEVERAL DAYS AGO. I may state that I had, previously to the coming into force of the Nottingham Borough Extension Act—which necessitated the dissolution of the Town Council—the honour of a seat in that body, and was again returned, unopposed, at the recent Municipal Election."

WE take leave to borrow the following curious bit of information from the *West London Express*:—"If one deals in tombstones, would it not be more decent not to advertise the circumstance by making a mock grave, railing it round, and setting up a headstone with inscription and everything complete? This tasteful illustration of the fact that all flesh is grass, is to be seen in Queen's-road, Bayswater."

THE *Daily Telegraph* declares that Mr. Barstow, the Clerkenwell magistrate, has been at it again. What is the Home Secretary about? Can Mr. Cross be one of those lofty persons who never read the papers?

THOSE obliging correspondents who furnish Hunting Notes to our contemporaries might, with advantage, be a little more lucid—not to say Henry Lucy'd. The following statement of a simple fact is perplexing:—

"Captain Oakeley, the master of the Atherstone Hunt, was riding fast to his hounds, near Anstey, when his horse, in taking a fence, fell into a pit on the other side, having failed to clear a wall immediately beyond. Captain Oakeley fell with his steed, the bone of his right leg being broken between the knee and the ankle. He was removed to his residence, Cliffe House."

"It beats cock-fighting"—and the dear old Admiral was fond of that most Corinthian sport. They have a pack of beagles on board "the good ship Temeraire!"

"LONDON," says the *Sporting Chronicle* "made a fearful example of Birmingham at Association football on Saturday last, beating the hardware representatives by a matter of eleven goals to nil." Nil must mend his manners in future, otherwise Birmingham will not be considered a "circumstance" in the football world.

THE discovery of the death of the late lamented Queen Anne is an event of periodical recurrence. *The Country*, an American contemporary, says:—"One of the most memorable events to be recorded in the annals of the road is the introduction of the mail-coach system, for which England was indebted to the late John Palmer, M.P. for Bath." The late Mr. John Palmer, M.P. for Bath, introduced the mail-coach in 1784, and died in 1818.

"THE Queen has commissioned a French artist to paint the portrait of Springfield, who, it will be remembered, was bred at Her Majesty's stud at Hampton Court." Her Majesty might be better advised. There was no necessity for her to go abroad to find an artist capable of painting such a portrait. We have Samuel Carter, Charlton, Hopkins, Davis, Basil Bradley, Harry Hall, and our own Sturgess, any one of whom would have done the work as well, if not better, than this unnamed Frenchman. But—"twas ever thus!"

OUR excellent contemporary, the *Sporting Chronicle*, very properly, we think, solicits subscriptions on behalf of a fund which is being raised to defend the appeal made by Mr. Ackroyd, proprietor of the Abbey Hey Grounds, against his having been convicted in the sum of £50 for betting, on November 6th. The case is peculiarly interesting, owing to the fact that Mr. Ackroyd had engaged twenty-four policemen on special duty on the two days that the offences were alleged to have been committed.

"NEW Joes for Old!" would appear to be the cry of the funny men who are regularly employed by certain of our believed-to-be smart contemporaries. Original humour is a scarce article: original wit, a scarcer. We will do the comic persons referred to the justice to say that they are not the only sorry jesters who, having drawn their own "invention" blank, are only too glad to have recourse to the stores of antiquity for their fun. The dreary old joke told underneath is palmed upon the readers of the *Boston (U.S.A.) Times* as new:—

"One day," said Mr. Lincoln, "when I first came here I got into a fit of musing in my room, and stood resting my elbows on the bureau. Looking into the glass, it struck me what an awfully ugly-looking man I was. The fact grew on me and I made up my mind that I must be the ugliest man in the world. It so maddened me that I resolved, should I ever see an uglier, I would shoot him at sight. Not long after this Andy—(naming a lawyer present) 'came to town, and the first time I saw him I said to myself, 'There's the man.' I went home, took down my gun, and prowled round the streets waiting for him. He soon came along. 'Halt, Andy,' said I, pointing my gun at him. 'Say your prayers, for I'm going to shoot you.'"

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter? what have I done?"

"Well, I made an oath that if I ever saw a man uglier than I am, I'd shoot him on the spot. You are uglier, sure; so make ready to die."

"Mr. Lincoln, do you really think I am uglier than you?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Lincoln," replied Andy, deliberately, and looking me squarely in the face, 'if I am any uglier, fire away!'"

"RESPONDING to the flattering invitation that has been addressed to him," Mr. E. G. Wood, a candidate for a seat in the Court of Common Council, has issued his address to the electors of the Ward of Cheap. Mr. Wood is known outside the City of London as one of Sir John Bennett's pluckiest supporters. He ought also to be known as a plain speaker of the most refreshing description. Note, in proof of the enjoyment he derives from calling a spade a spade, the following passage in his address:—

It is only proper that in asking you to elect me to so important an office I should explain what you are to expect, and what you should not expect from me.

As to the Negative. Do not expect to find my name as present at banquets, balls, or entertainments. Do not expect to find my name attached to subscription lists.

As to the Positive. You are to expect that I should be in my place when the business of the Ward or the Corporation has to be attended to. You are to expect me to give all the aid to your service that a lengthened experience—an endeavour to grasp the real underlying principles of a matter—combined with an earnestness of purpose in pursuing the same can confer.

Success attend you, Mr. Wood!

CERTAIN of the Commissioners of Sewers appear to have caught some of Sir John Bennett's defiant spirit. At the usual fortnightly meeting of the Commission, held on Tuesday, at Guildhall, "A memorial was presented from the owners and tenants of houses in Rood-lane, praying the Commissioners to take steps to pave that lane with a noiseless asphalt pavement. No persons attended, however, to support the memorial. Mr. Phillips hoped the Commissioners would not have any more asphalt pavement thrust down their throats." Assuredly not, Mr. Phillips. Green fat is much nicer than asphalt pavement.

THE professional jester who sent "Truthful Tommy," the annexed story, ought to be made acquainted with the golden rule of the craft. Jokes should either be very old or very new. This is not old enough.—Scene: Portsmouth Railway Station.—One of Mr. W. H. Smith's newsboys (log.), to Officer, Royal Marines: "Standard, *Daily News*—have a *Telegraph*, sir?" Officer, Royal Marines: "Go to —!" W. H. S.'s newsboy: "If you ain't civil, I'll get my master to stop your autumn leave!"

"WILL you kindly let me know at once whether you are a buyer of condensed milk (pure and rich)? I have a quantity to dispose of remarkably cheap." Thus runs the writing on a post-card, with a printed heading above it, which was recently received by our own milkman from a firm of "General Merchants and Importers" in the S.W. postal district. Such cards have been flying about all over the country, and such is the "condensed milk" sold at absurdly low prices, which, with a certain proportion of water, dirty or clean, reduces pure milk at 4d. a quart to impure milk at 2½d. per quart. Taken in conjunction

with the following police case, we think this fact ought to open more eyes than those of the Flowers, of Bow-street.

Edwin Stone, a carman, who refused his address, was charged before Mr. Flowers with wilfully putting eight quarts of dirty water to 30 gallons of milk, with intent to defraud his master, Henry Hanson. The prisoner had been for several years in the employ of the prosecutor, who is a milk dealer at New-yard, Great Queen-street, and, in consequence of what had been observed of his conduct, Mr. Hanson, his foreman, and Detective Partridge of the E Division, watched the premises. About three o'clock that morning he was sent to go to a trough in the yard in which the cans were washed, and take eight quarts of dirty water, which he mixed with thirty gallons of milk. He was given into custody, and begged the prosecutor to overlook the offence on the ground that he had been for many years a good servant. A sum of £19 8s 8½d was found on him. The facts of the case were not denied, but in the prisoner's cross-examination of the prosecutor a somewhat singular phase of the milk-dealing trade was exposed.

The prisoner asked whether or not Mr. Hanson had been in the habit of directing men in his employ to add a mixture to the milk in order to increase its bulk.

Mr. Hanson—I never told you to put in dirty water.

Prisoner—Have you never told me to put in anything?—No.

Prisoner—What about the white stuff in the cellar?

Mr. Hanson—I don't know what you mean.

Prisoner—Do you mean to swear that you haven't told the men to add 64 quarts of water to four quarts of that stuff in the cellar?

—I won't swear it.

Mr. Hanson explained that the stuff referred to was condensed milk, which occasionally was used when they ran short in the regular supply.

Prisoner—Oh, yes; 64 quarts of water to four quarts of milk; that is what they call the "fake."

The evidence of Mr. Hanson was corroborated by the detective officer and by Mr. Hanson's foreman, the latter, under cross-examination, denying all knowledge of the "fake."

Mr. Flowers said the prisoner's cross-examination had opened his eyes to several things. The charge he had made against his employer was a serious one.

The prisoner said he could call witnesses to prove the truth of every assertion he had made.

Mr. Flowers said he had better call witnesses to prove his innocence of the charges made against himself, and adjourned the case for a week, refusing to allow bail.

THE most readable, at any rate, of all the contributions to this month's "Nineteenth Century" is Mr. Godfrey Turner's "Amusements of the English People." Whatever he may have been in his time, this usually well-disposed chronicler of customs and habits, is evidently not a regular play-goer; otherwise, he would have found something more generous to say of the stage, than that the most beautiful fables of antiquity are presented thereon, in a spirit of brain-softening ridicule, "by half-dressed women and nimble mountebanks." Mr. Turner has been led away by his rhetoric, which we all admit to be of a seductive character, and which may as easily convince his own amiable vanity as it may warp the judgment of careless readers. His arguments in favour of a State subvention, as well as a State control, are worth consideration. He speaks with feeling and thought, if not with authority.

MISS SELINA DOLARO.

THIS lady, whose portrait appears upon the front page of the present number, commenced her musical studies at a very early age under an Italian master, and about twelve months after, when she was but fifteen years of age, she married. Miss Dolaro then pursued her musical studies at the Conservatoire in Paris, where she remained for nearly twelve months. In the year 1870 Miss Dolaro and opéra-bouffe made their first appearances in London—the latter in *Chilperic*, and the lady in it as the Spanish Princess, her sweet soprano voice and the spirit and refinement of her acting at once attracting the special notice of the metropolitan critics. When the Philharmonic Music Hall became the Philharmonic Theatre, Miss Dolaro made her appearance there in opéra-bouffe—first as Fredegonde in *Chilperic*—as Genevieve, and as Clairette in *Madame Angot*, wherewith the North Londoners were hugely delighted. Miss Dolaro then undertook the management of the Royalty Theatre, where she produced Offenbach's *La Perichole* and *Trial by Jury* with a degree of success which obtained its glowing records in the daily and weekly papers. Miss Dolaro then took a provincial tour, winning golden opinions wherever her opéra-bouffe company performed. As our readers know, this delightful actress and vocalist is now nightly charming the Alhambra audiences with the force and refinement of her acting.

THE abominable practice of setting poison for hounds and foxes has, it is said, been revived in the Co. Cork, and has disgusted all those in whom the love of sport is instinctive. An indignation meeting has been convened, and it is hoped that the sporting county will be able to purge itself of the enormity.—*The World*.

WE should have stated, in connection with Mr. R. H. Moore's sketches from the Zoological Gardens in last week's number, that the deer was from Mesopotamia, and although resembling the fallow deer, differs from it in the growth of its horns, and in its superior size.

THERE is at Eastbourne a building which has lately puzzled many visitors. They have speculated much as to whether it is an extensive row of lordly mansions or a Venetian palace successfully removed to our shores, a la Cleopatra's needle. The building in question has lately announced itself in a placard on the roadway, and it is "The Grand Hotel." This hotel is the work of a gentleman who has been some years a resident in Eastbourne. Mr. Eask, seeing the necessity of a gorgeous habitation for the sojourners in this lovely watering-place, not only conceived the idea of "The Grand," but designed and carried out the building of it. It stands on a charming sea-edge of the Duke of Devonshire's estate; any description of what has been done to meet the requirements of visitors would be useless, when one considers the extent of the establishment. To mention one little item, for example—the drawing-room and dining-room occupy the entire centre of the building, and as the visitor stands at the end of one room, and looks through the open doors to the other, the uninterrupted extent is 260ft in length. The place has been quietly opened, and is quietly filling with Christmas parties.

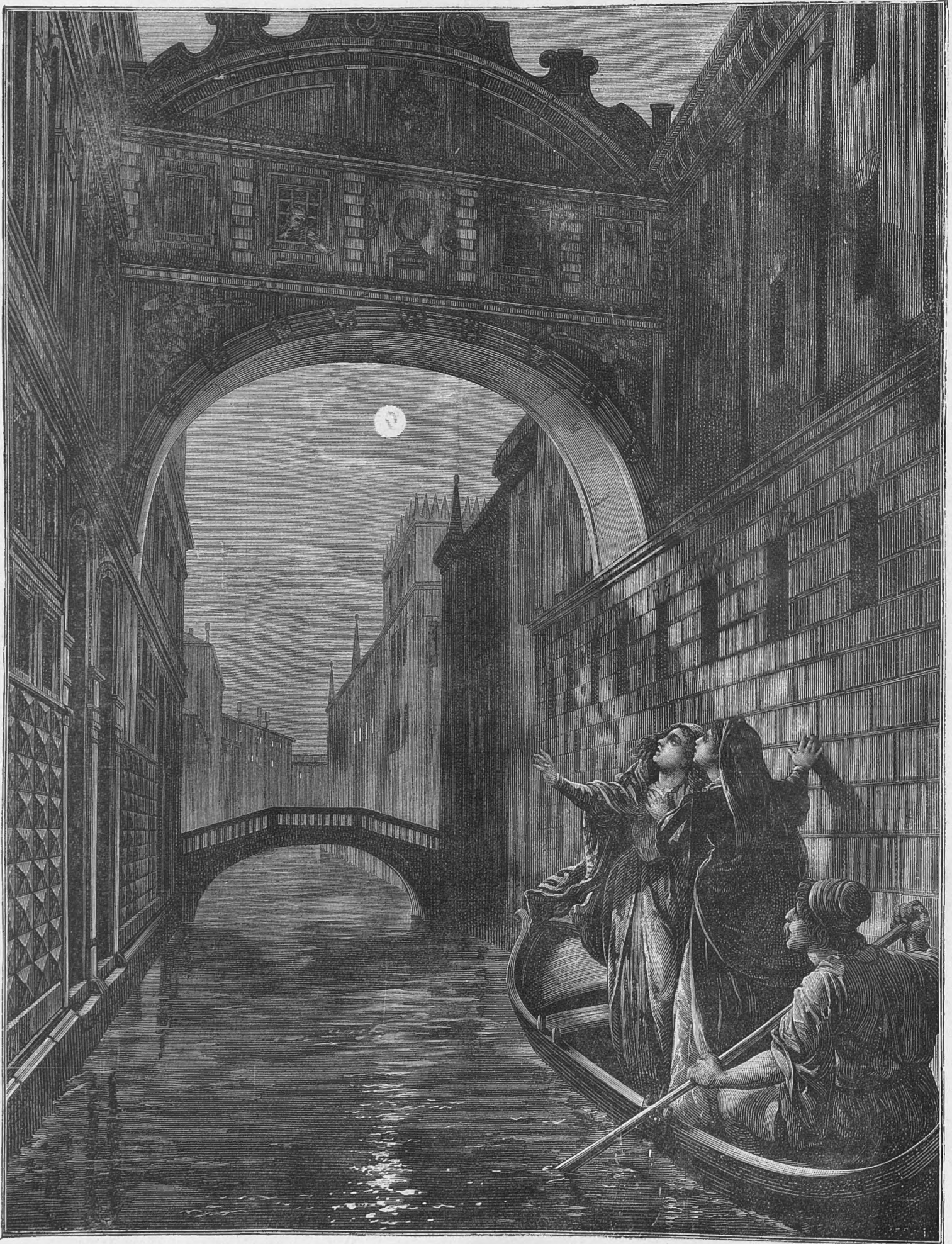
A TOILET WATER of peculiar and delightful fragrance, delicate and lasting, refreshing and soothing. GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER, triple distilled from the fresh leaves of the Bay Tree (*Myrica Acis*). Indispensable and a luxury for the TOILET, NURSERY and BATH. A few drops on a sponge or towel moistened with water, and the FACE and HANDS bathed with it, is very beneficial to the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended to apply after SHAVING. A small quantity in the BATH gives a delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable CLEANSING PROPERTIES. Particularly adapted to the BATHING OF INFANTS and young children; a few drops are sufficient for a basin of water. Most grateful to INVALIDS and all who suffer from HEADACHE, from mental labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER, sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists and Perfumers, or on receipt of stamps from the wholesale depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

THE eighteenth National Dog Show opened at Curzon Hall, Birmingham, on Monday last, and closed concurrently with the Cattle Show on Thursday. The entries reach the limit of 1,000, want of space compelling many applications to be declined. The deerhounds are especially good, the colours being remarkably true. The greyhounds, says the *Newcastle Chronicle*, are fair for exhibition purposes, but the best of the kind are rarely sent to shows. The first prize and cup goes to Mr. Waddington's Doctor, who beats Covenanter. Otterhounds, harriers, and beagles are a small show, but good. For terriers there is, as usual, a very large class.

The champion dog, Mr. Fletcher's Rattler, and the champion bitch, Mr. Wootton's Lille, are the winners in the open classes. The prize for large-sized dogs falls to Mr. Hyde's Buffet, and the bitch prize to Mr. Hulse's Nottingham Rose. Mr. Fletcher also wins in the small variety class with Trimmer, and Mr. John Terry is first in the bitch class with Bell. The show of fox-terriers is one of the best ever got together. The prize for champion large-sized pointers is again gained by Mr. Price, and in the bitch class it is won by Mr. C. H. Mason with Lady Isabel, who has taken thirty cups and first prizes since the last exhibition. In the opening pointer class Mr. Sturgeon's Burr takes the first prize, and in the bitch

class the winner is Mr. Bartram's Stella. In the small class Mr. Whitehouse's Cedric is the champion, the champion bitch being Mr. Fletcher's Limer. The setters are a great feature in the show, so good a collection being seldom seen. The champion prize falls to Mr. Fletcher for Hill, while Mr. Vanwart wins the bitch prize with Bell. The retrievers are below the average, and the first prize is withheld in the dog curly-coated class. The bitches are much better, and reach the standard. The champion curly-coated is Mr. Andrew's Wave, and in the wavy-coated the same exhibitor wins with Beaver. The spaniels are weak, the second prizes being withheld. There are many classes for toy dogs and bulldogs, which are good, especially the latter, which forms one of



SCENES FROM FAMOUS PLAYS AND OPERAS.—No. 14. "MARCO FOSCARINI,"

the best collections ever seen at the show. On another page we give a sketch of a group of prize-winners at this successful show.

AMATEUR PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

THE first concert of the eleventh season of this society took place on Saturday evening last, at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, under the able conductorship of Mr. George Mount. Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night* was given as the first part, the soloists being Mr. Hewitt (tenor), Mr. Walter Webling (baritone), a pupil of Mr. Edwin Holland's, and Mrs. Kennerley

(contralto). The orchestra consisted of members of the Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society, under the leadership of Mr. Henry Fogg. Miss Clara Asker (pupil of Mr. George Mount) played Hummel's "Rondo Brillante in A," with an accompaniment of "strings," with precision and delicacy of touch quite remarkable in a child nine years of age! A miscellaneous selection followed. The "Gavotte," from *Mignon* was excellently rendered, and repeated by the orchestra. Mrs. Kennerley, who possesses a fine contralto voice, sang Dr. Sullivan's "Lost Chord," to the evident delight of the audience. A "Serenade" (with violin obbligato by Mr. L. Davids), by Magor, was given with genuine expression by Miss Williams, another pupil

of Mr. Holland's. The chorus was specially good in the "Song of the Vikings," and the "Reapers," from *Prometheus*. The next concert will be given on the 26th of January.

At the International Gun and Polo Club on Monday, at Brighton, only a few members competed. Mr. Pelham won the £2 Sweepstakes at five birds each, 30 yards rise, by killing four out of five. Mr. Pelham also won two £1 Sweepstakes at handicap distances. The other winners were Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Cross, and Mr. Grey. A £5 sweepstakes at six birds each, 27 yards rise, will be shot for next Monday, in addition to the ordinary sweepstakes.

COURSING.

GREYHOUND SAPLINGS.

FEW of the pleasure-going public who attend the various Coursing Meetings throughout the season can realise the pleasure of seeing a litter of saplings at exercise and play. The orthodox slipping of a brace of greyhounds of whatever age, and the short, quick rush to the hare, the points made while within sight, and the ultimate decision of the judge, is fair and capital sport; but only those who have the privilege of visiting one of the few real greyhound-breeding establishments can realise the whole effect of seeing a grand litter of saplings take their run. Mr. R. Cle-

mitson, the now famous and almost only breeder of saplings for the public market, can afford a rare treat of this description to those of his friends who may visit his kennels at North Weald.

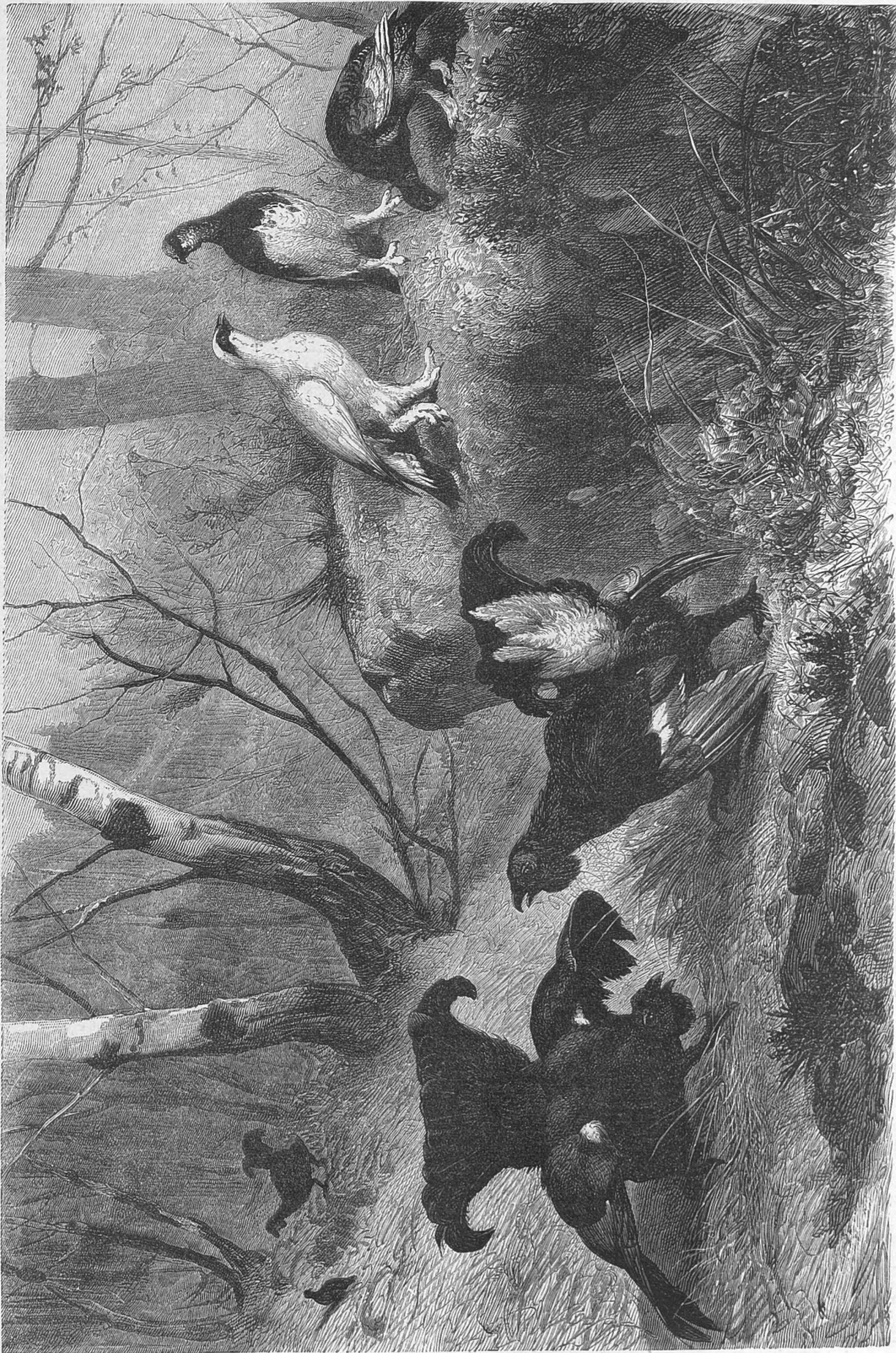
His youngsters, which, we understand, will be brought to the hammer by Messrs. W. and S. Freeman, at Aldridge's, St. Martin's Lane, on Saturday, January 19th, 1878, are a lot worth seeing.

The Contango and Sea-Princess litter will show three black representatives which must give a good account of themselves, while the Countryman and Jezebel lot are still prominent with racing-looking, black, and black and whites. The Donald and Cantiniere are a magnificent lot, and worthy, in the red and white and black portion, of the particular attention of the judge of a

Waterloo Cup. Then come the Lord Glendyne and Medal lot, such a lot as the most severe critic must admire, whelped in February, of exceedingly fine growth, and looking like puppy stake-runners already, and specially represented by the blues, which, with fair luck, are bound to give an excellent account of themselves from the slipper's hand.

It is indeed difficult, when so large a number are brought quickly into the meadow, to give continued preference, but the Gilderoy and Harebells, the Bluebeard and Blinkbonnys, the Gone and Got-the-Jumps, the Balchristie and B.C.'s, all follow in the parade, and each litter shows some worthy representatives.

Then the valuable matrons are led out and much admired, and old Gilderoy plays with "Deans" (Mr. Clemitson's Kennel-



HEATHCOCK AND PTARMIGAN.

man) like a puppy. It appears to us that Mr. Clemitson's great secret of success is his cheerful selection of locality and method. He has spared no expense in his establishment at North Weald. Deans is on the most excellent terms with all his youngsters, his simple method of rearing them, and by diet and exercise bringing them to perfection without any symptom of disease of any kind in the kennel, his careful watch that they shall "never stray beyond the precincts of the prescribed exercising field," and the well known integrity of principle in the fact that they shall all come to the hammer untried, is sufficient for us to predict that Mr. Clemitson will, on the occasion of this, his annual sale, have that support from the patrons and lovers of coursing, his well-earned popularity deserves.

THE SALE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB AT MANCHESTER.

THE opening performance of the season took place on Friday evening, November 30, when George Colman's comedy, in three acts, *The Poor Gentleman*, and Blanchard's farce, *The Artful Dodge*, received the hearty applause of a more than usually large audience, notwithstanding the very unsatisfactory arrangements of the Clerk of the Weather. The acting members of the club are always so well up to their work that a good even performance is invariably the result; and—perhaps solely on account of the prominence of the parts—the dignified bearing and pathos of Mr. Sagden as Lieutenant Worthington, the soldierly appearance and manner of Mr. R. Daniel as the old Corporal Foss, and the

chawbacon look and dialect of Mr. J. H. Atkinson as Stephen Harrowby, pleased us very much indeed.

We must not forget to mention that Emily Worthington found a charming representative in Miss E. Toms, from the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and that Mrs. Tullock was highly diverting as the aspiring Miss Lucretia M'Tab.

In the farce Mr. W. Rumsey, as is his wont, carried everything before him, and the peculiar accomplishments of that highly ingenious individual, Demosthenes Dodge, Esq., were strikingly placed before the audience, and created a good deal of merriment. In conclusion, a hint to the management: the lighting was rather defective, and so was the colour used in the printing of the programmes.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THE repertory of the current series of opera at Her Majesty's Theatre was last week enriched by the production of *Der Freischütz*, which attracted the largest audience of the season. It is not only attractive to amateurs from its dramatic interest and wealth of melody, but is pregnantly suggestive to musicians. For them it is the landmark which fixes the historical point when the stream of romanticism first overflowed the rigid banks of conventionality. It may perhaps be too much to say that Wagner's theories would never have been evolved but for the influence of Weber's example, but it may safely be asserted that the production of *Der Freischütz* accelerated the formation of a new school, opposed to the formal artificiality which was exhibited in Italian operatic art sixty years ago. The predecessors of Weber adhered to formulae which were, or might have been, admissible in abstract music, but which were inconsistent with natural probability when applied to dramatic action. Whether a soprano heroine had to be wail the perfidy of her lover, or the tenor lover the perfidy of his mistress, or the basso villain to declaim his purposes of revenge—no matter under what circumstances, a "principal" artist had to sing an aria d'intrata—one set form was invariably adopted. An opening recitative was followed by an evenly balanced melody in slow time, and to this succeeded a quick movement, generally embellished with florid passages, introduced for the glorification of the singer, and often quite irreconcilable with the sentiment of the words. Weber's great masterpiece, produced at Berlin in 1822, was an innovation and also a revelation. Instead of confining himself to traditional poems he made his music pliantly illustrate the changing words of feeling developed in the poetry to which it was attached. In the great scene for Agatha—best known in England as "Softly sighs the voice of evening"—he throws off the fetters of conventionality, and although the slow melody is preceded by a recitative ("Before my eyes beheld him"), the stretto, "Hope again is waking," does not immediately follow the slow movement, but the scene is broken up by the introduction of expressively accompanied recitatives, in which Agatha's sentiments are expressed in the most natural manner. Caspar's drinking song, "Life is darkened o'er with woe," is broken up in the same manner, and this innovation adds to the dramatic effect. Weber's opera was also a revelation of the truth that music could be made as enjoyable when applied to operatic purposes in a purely natural way, as when constrained within the limits of arbitrary forms. His melodies were not only beautiful, but were doubly enjoyable, because they seemed to spring spontaneously and appropriately from the situations in which they were placed. He did not invent, but he revived the employment of the orchestra as an essential constituent in the illustration of sentiment, and his instrumentation added so much to the dramatic effect that his successors were bound to follow his bright example so far as they were able. Mozart had abundantly shown the value of the orchestra. Gluck had followed his example, and Beethoven had, in one splendid instance illustrated the happy results derivable from a combination of vocal melody with varied and expressive orchestration; but at the time when *Der Freischütz* was produced, the singers were paramount, the art of orchestration was almost lost, and the operas of Cimarosa, Paisiello, and Rossini consisted chiefly of vocal melodies, embellished with roulades and cadenzas, supported by feeble arpeggio accompaniments. How superbly Rossini emancipated himself from his early fetters in *Guillaume Tell* need hardly be pointed out, but it may be doubted if that great work would have appeared in its present shape but for the example set by Weber seven years before Rossini's last opera was written. It would be interesting to trace the results of Weber's example to the present time, but we must for the present abandon the task, and can only glance at the two facts that his influence has led to the growth of the modern romantic school in Germany, and that his theories have found absurd developments in what is styled the "Music of the Future." Weber never forgot that the primary object of music is to give pleasure, and nothing that he has written can be pleaded as an excuse for the eccentricities of Wagner and his followers, with their disdain of what is known as "tune," and their (so-called) "endless melody."

The opera was on the whole creditably performed. Signor Foli was decidedly successful as Caspar, and Mdle. Bauermeister was equally satisfactory as Annetta; Madame Marie Roze was not fully equal to the arduous character of Agatha. Her voice is of limited compass, and her powers of vocalisation are not sufficiently advanced to enable her to encounter the difficulties of the scene in Act II. On the other hand, it is unquestionable that her voice is of rich and pleasing quality; she is generally "letter perfect" in every part, and these merits, combined with her intelligent acting and personal charms, helped to render her impersonation of Agatha acceptable. Signor Fancelli was far from satisfactory as Max. The music did not suit his voice, and it is difficult to believe that the part could possibly be worse acted. The minor characters were well filled; the choruses would have been more acceptable had they been sufficiently rehearsed. The delicious instrumentation was sympathetically rendered by the fine band, under the able direction of Signor Li Calsi.

The repetition of *Faust* on Wednesday last was rendered interesting by two important changes in the cast. Mdle. Marimon appeared for the first time as Marguerite, and sang the music of the part in her usual finished style. She obtained abundant applause, recalls, &c., but we cannot rank her impersonation of Goethe's heroine among her unquestioned successes. Her singing was correct but cold, and although at times she strenuously exerted herself to invest it with passion and pathos, she was never able to conceal the art which she employed—never once presented those touches of nature which stir the hearts and draw forth the tears of an audience. The part afforded few opportunities for the display of the florid vocalisation in which she excels, and it was only in the Jewel Song that she was enabled to show her superiority to most of her contemporaries in the execution of the introductory shake followed by an ascending scale. In other portions of the music her voice sounded thin and unsympathetic. Her best effort was the final scene, in which she displayed greater dramatic energy than in any previous portion of the opera. Her acting was uniformly intelligent, and almost always graceful, but—like her singing—was deficient in spontaneity and sympathetic power. We have gladly acknowledged her merits in the parts which are suited to her qualities as a brilliant light soprano, but are unable to praise her Marguerite, and would prefer Mdle. Valleria in that character. Another novel feature in the cast was Signor Foli's Mefistofele, in which he shows great improvement since he last essayed that part in London some five years back. The "Dio dell'or" has seldom been better sung. In the mocking "Serenade" he was less successful, and spoiled the dramatic effect by singing the last verse to the audience. Why will not singers understand that audiences are far from grateful for attentions of this kind, and are always better pleased when an artist attends to his legitimate business, which is, to keep up the dramatic illusion by every means in his power? With the exception of a passage in the "garden scene" music,—in which he wandered into the wrong key for a few moments—Signor Foli sang well throughout the opera, but in the Serenade he introduced an ineffective and unsuitable shake. Of the other artists it is needless to repeat what has been said on

former occasions. The house was crowded, and applause was warmly but discriminatingly bestowed.

Il Don Giovanni was announced for Thursday last, too late for notice this week. *Der Freischütz* was announced for last night. For this evening, *Les Huguenots* is promised, and on Monday *Ruy Blas* will be repeated for the last time.

Mr. Mapleson announces that the present season will terminate on Saturday, December 15.

At the Crystal Palace Concerts, on Saturday last (the ninth of the current season), a MS. symphony, in G minor, composed by Mr. E. Prout, was performed, for the first time, in public. It comprises an "allegro moderato," in G minor, a "largetto espressivo," in B flat, a "scherzo," in C minor, with a trio in A flat, and a second trio in C major, and a "Finale, vivace assai" in G minor. The work was warmly and deservedly applauded, and at the conclusion, Mr. Prout was called to the platform to receive the congratulations of the audience. His first symphony was performed at the Crystal Palace, on the 28th February, 1874, and met with a highly favourable reception. In his second symphony, produced on Saturday last, he shows larger originality of conception, combined with greater command of orchestral resources, and may claim to stand among the foremost modern composers of symphonies. It is gratifying to observe that his latest work strictly conforms to classic models, and that he has carefully shunned the examples of the modern German composers, whose eccentricities he has chivalrously defended. So long as he continues to give us such melodious, well-written, and symmetrical works as his G minor Symphony, we shall be willing to ignore his unacceptable preaching for the sake of his highly acceptable practice. At the same concert, Mdle. Lilly Oswald made a successful first appearance in England as a pianist. Chopin's first concerto is not a favourable specimen of Chopin's poetical style, but it abounds with difficulties which the young debutante encountered with complete success. She has a crisp touch, a complete mastery of technique, plays with intellectuality and power of expression, and is likely to occupy a distinguished position among contemporary pianists. In the above-named pieces, and in Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht* overture and Beethoven's *Leonora* overture, No. 3, the excellent band, ably directed as usual by Mr. Manns, were heard to great advantage, and vocal selections were sung by Miss Lisa Walton, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Bernard Lane, and the Crystal Palace Choir.

At the Alexandra Palace Choir, on Saturday last, the third fortnightly Saturday classical concert of the season was given, and the following interesting selection of music formed the programme:—1. Danish National Air, Orchestra and Choir; 2. Symphony, No. 4, in C major, "The Jupiter," (Mozart); 3. Scena E Cavatina, "Ah quel giorno," (*Semiramide*) (Rossini); Miss Cummings; 4. Concerto in E minor (Op. 64) (Mendelssohn); Allegro molto appassionato (E minor); Andante (C major); Intermezzo (E minor); Allegro molto vivace (E major); Violin, Mons. Léon Cats (of Berlin) his first appearance; 5. Song, "Let me dream again," (A. S. Sullivan), Madame Edith Wynne; 6. Overture, "Die Waldnymph" (W. S. Bennett); 7. Finale from the unfinished opera of *Loreley* (Mendelssohn), Leonora, Madame Edith Wynne; 8. Song, "The Lady of the Lea," (H. Smart), Miss Cummings; 9. Allegro de Concert, "Carnaval," (E. Guiraud), first time in England. The fine band, with Mr. A. Burnett as leader, and Mr. Frederic Archer as conductor, did full justice to the "Jupiter" Symphony, the delightful overture by Sterndale Bennett, and the brilliant "allegro de Concert," by Guiraud. M. Léon Cats was scarcely equal to his task. Considering the source from whence fiddlestrings are popularly supposed to be obtained, much might have been expected from M. Cats, but his studies with MM. Joachim and Wieniawski,—who are said to be his teachers—should be further prosecuted before he again attempts the difficult violin concerto of Mendelssohn. Madame Edith Wynne sang her share of the *Loreley* finale admirably, well aided by the excellent choir, and Miss Cummings sang in good style. Mr. Frederic Archer's conducting merits the warmest praise. He was evidently master of every note of the scores that were performed, and his unostentatious but masterly method of indicating the tempi, and securing delicate shades of expression cannot be too highly commended. At the fourth concert, on Saturday next, Handel's *Messiah* will be performed.

At the Royal Albert Hall a Scottish concert was given yesterday week, in honour of St. Andrew's day. The principal artists were Mdmes. Sherrington, Francis, Turner, and Patey, MM. Lloyd, Frith, Maybrick, and Mr. Welby Wallace, the new tenor, who obtained the first encore of the evening for "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar." The band of the Scot Guards assisted, and the conductors were Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. Thoulless.

At St. James's Hall, on the same occasion, a Scotch Ballad Concert was given. Mr. Sims Reeves was too ill to fulfil his engagement, and a song was volunteered by Madame Antoinette Sterling. The chief successes were made by this popular artist in "A man's a man for a' that," by Miss M. Davies in "Jock o' Hazeldean," Miss Larkcom in "Edinboro' Town," Mr. Walter Clifford in "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," and Mr. Santley in "Bonnie Dundee." Other artists assisted, besides the band of the Scottish Rifle Volunteers and the pipers of the Scots Guards. Conductors Mr. Sidney Naylor and Mr. Merton Clark. The hall was crowded, and the spirited entrepreneur, Mr. Ambrose Austin, may be congratulated on the success of the concert.

At the next Monday Popular Concert, December 10, Mr. Chas. Hallé will make his rentrée, and Madame Neruda will be the first violin.

The Blackheath Orchestral Society, which numbers over sixty instrumentalists, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Burnett, will give an opening concert at the Blackheath Skating Rink, on Tuesday, December 18, with the aid of distinguished vocalists and instrumentalists.

At the Divisional Session of the Edgware district, before Messrs. C. F. Holms and J. Campbell, application was made by Mr. Theodore Allingham, on behalf of Mr. W. P. Warner, of the Welsh Harp, Hendon, and Messrs. A. Keen and Brown, Kilburn, for an occasional refreshment licence at Kingsbury races on the 13th, 14th, and 15th December. After hearing the observations of the legal gentleman in support of the application, Mr. Holms said Mr. Allingham must be aware that the Middlesex magistrates had expressed their high disapproval of the granting of refreshment licences for the Kingsbury races. Mr. Sergeant Cox, who was unable to be present that day, was of the same opinion. Under these circumstances, the Bench must decline to grant the application.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH are indispensable to personal attraction, and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food. Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, preserves and imparts a pearl-whiteness to the teeth, eradicates tartar and spots of incipient decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasant fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

MORE CURES OF COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND TIGHTNESS OF CHEST, by DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Fell, Chemist, Dewsbury.—"Dr. Locock's Wafers for Tightness of Chest, I found answer admirably, and I hear the highest eulogiums from others who have tried them for Coughs, Asthma, &c." Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., of all druggists.—[ADVT.]

THE DRAMA.

THE reopening of Hengler's Cirque, in Argyle Street, for the usual winter season on Saturday evening, is the only event calling for special notice this week; nearly all of the theatres continuing their current programmes unaltered. Changes, however, have taken place at the Surrey and Standard; and to-night the representations of *Amy Robsart* at Drury Lane, and *The Great City* at the Park will terminate, both theatres remaining closed until Boxing Night, to enable the extensive preparations for their respective pantomimes to be carried out. *The White Cat* at the former, and *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the latter.

That morning performances are greatly increasing in popularity and likely to become permanently established, may reasonably be inferred from the fact that no fewer than seven theatres gave matinées last Saturday, and all were well attended; and the same theatres again offer attractions this afternoon, in addition to the regular Saturday evening performance at Hengler's, as detailed hereafter.

GLOBE THEATRE.—The afternoon performance at this house on Saturday last was for the benefit of Mr. E. Clifton, the acting manager, who provided a very attractive and varied programme, opening with Mr. Theyre Smith's comedietta, *A Happy Pair*, amusingly interpreted by Mr. Arthur Garner and Miss Blanche Stammers (a recent debutante here) as Mr. and Mrs. Honeyton. This was followed by vocal contributions by Miss Constance Loseby and Messrs. Righton and G. W. Anson, and recitations by Mrs. Stirling; after which came the *pièce de résistance*, Morton's old comedy, *Speed the Plough*, which had met with such success on its revival, after twenty years, a few weeks ago at this house on the occasion of the benefit for the General Theatrical Fund. Although a few changes were made in the cast, it was still excellent and in every way thoroughly efficient, and the comedy was again received with signal favour. Mr. Ryder, who on the former occasion appeared as Sir Philip Blandford, replaced Mr. W. Farren as Sir Abel Handy, Mr. R. F. Edgar succeeding Mr. Ryder as Sir Philip. Miss Isabel Clifton was now the Lady Handy vice Miss M. Brennan, and Miss Jane Coveney taking the place of Mrs. Stephens as Dame Ashfield, while Messrs. Righton, Charles Warner, Miss Marie Litton and Miss Emma Rita were again the effective representatives, respectively, of Farmer Ashfield, Bob Handy, Susan Ashfield, and Miss Blandford. Lord Lytton's play, *Money*, is to be represented here at to-day's matinée—and on Monday week, the 17th inst., Mr. Toole commences an engagement at this house, to appear in a round of his most popular characters, as well as in new pieces by Messrs. Byron, Reece, and Burnand.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.—The series of operas (in English) which have tentatively varied the afternoon performances at this theatre, have been deservedly attractive, and well received, for the representations have been, taking everything into account, adequately complete and effective.—The principal vocalists are competent and experienced, the chorus, although limited, are well drilled, and the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Isidore de Solla, is excellent.—The third of the series given on Saturday last, was Gounod's *Faust*, which was rendered throughout in a highly satisfactory manner by Mr. Valentine Fabiani, whose pleasing and smooth tenor voice seemed more suited for the flowing melodies of *Faust* than for the more trying rôle of Manrico in *Travatore*, by Mr. Furneaux Cooke as Valentine, and Mr. Henry Corri as Mephistopheles, by Madame Arabella Smythe as Marguerite, and by Miss Palmer, who won well deserved applause for her expressive and artistic execution of Sieble's two songs. It is to be hoped these operatic performances may be continued.

On Monday afternoon a special performance took place in the theatre, and a special concert was added to the variety entertainments in the Grand Hall of the Aquarium, for the complimentary benefit of Mr. John Coleman, Mr. Wybrow Robertson's energetic lieutenant in the management. The programme of the performances in the theatre comprised selections from popular pieces now current at different theatres, viz., *Family Ties*, by the Strand company; *Trial by Jury*—*The Pink Dominoes*, by Mr. Charles Wyndham and the Criterion cast. Since Monday *The School for Scandal* has been repeated each afternoon with the same excellent cast as previously.

NATIONAL STANDARD.—Mr. Buckstone and his Haymarket comedy company having returned from their successful tour in the provinces, commenced an engagement of twelve nights here, on Monday evening, and have appeared during the week in Tom Taylor's Comedy of *The Overland Route*. Mr. Buckstone, Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale, Miss Caroline Hill, and Messrs. Clark, Braid, Everil, Herbert, &c., repeating their old parts.

LANGHAM HALL.—Miss Ella Dietz and her brother, Mr. Frank Dietz, whilome members of the Haymarket company, gave some clever and really interesting readings here on Friday evening last week, and both displayed marked ability in their new task. Miss Dietz, besides great intelligence, charming naïveté, and grace of manner, possesses other qualities essential for effective recitals, a clear, soft, and melodious voice, distinct enunciation, and a refined and expressive style. These qualifications were conspicuous in her excellent rendering of Tennyson's *May Queen*, *The Swineherd* by Hans Christian Andersen, and Mrs. E. B. Browning's *Roman of the Page*, each of which were listened to with rapt attention, and warmly applauded. She was equally pleasing and sympathetic in Mrs. Browning's *Mother and Poet*, and Robert Browning's *Count Gismond*. Mr. Frank Dietz, while sharing many of the qualifications displayed by his sister, seems to be stronger in the delineation of the quietly humorous as exemplified in his recitals of several pieces by Bret Harte. He showed also some pathos in his delivery of *The Lost Heir*, by Tom Hood. Altogether these recitals were unusually successful, and were heartily applauded, and enjoyed, by a crowded audience that filled the hall to its utmost capacity.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—The Bees' Cricket Club, which hails from the neighbourhood of Tufnell Park, gave their fifth annual dramatic entertainment at this hall on Thursday evening last week, and although there was not much histrionic ability displayed, at least on the part of the gentlemen amateurs, the principal object was attained, as the performance, on the whole, afforded infinite pleasure to, and seemed to be greatly enjoyed by their numerous friends who attended on the occasion. The programme, meritorious from its unpretentiousness, consisted of Tom Taylor's comedietta, *Nine Points of the Law*, and Mr. Craven's domestic drama of *Meg's Diversion*. Both went smoothly, had evidently been carefully rehearsed, and were entirely free from hitches or stops so frequently typical of amateur performances, and in both the ladies carried off the palm for good acting. Miss Pattie Bell, as the fascinating and coquettish widow, Mrs. Smylie, in the former, and as Margaret Crow, in the latter, displayed ease, grace, and considerable artistic ability. Miss Lena Young whose clever assumption of the part of the young scamp, Sam Willoughby, in *The Ticket of Leave Man*, we spoke of in noticing the recent performance in this hall of the Garrick Dramatic Club, was again praiseworthy for her commendable impersonations of Mrs. Smylie's niece, Katie Mapleson, in *Nine Points of the Law*, and the widow, Mrs. Netwell in Mr. Craven's drama.

SURREY THEATRE.—The programme here underwent an entire change on Saturday night, when *The Heart of Midlothian*, a version of Scott's novel, in which Miss Eloise Juno has been

recently very successfully sustaining the principal character, Jeanie Deans, in the provinces, was produced, in conjunction with a revival of the drama of *East Lynne*, always popular at this theatre. *The Heart of Midlothian* is put on the stage with great care and completeness, and is interpreted with marked effectiveness. Miss Eloise Juno enacts the part of the devoted sister, Jeanie Deans, with intelligence, sympathetic feeling, and appropriate earnestness and pathos in the ordeals she passes through, and the applause she elicited was deservedly shared in by Miss Lilly Stone, who equally enlisted the sympathies of the audience by her touching impersonation of the condemned sister, Effie; Miss Mabel Tracey took evident pains with, but was hardly weird enough, as the half-witted Madge Wildfire. Mr. J. A. Arnold was, as usual, excellent as the outlawed Georgie Robertson, Mr. H. Taylor's Dumbiedikes was a highly humorous and artistic impersonation. Mr. Lilly, as the Duke of Argyle; Mr. Sidney, as the Effie Deans' counsel; Miss Lizzy Lilly, as Queen Caroline; and Mrs. W. Brunton, as Margery Murdockson, lent useful aid to the general effectiveness. In *East Lynne*, the leading character, Lady Isabel, is admirably rendered by Miss Emily Forde who is ably supported by Messrs. J. A. Arnold and H. C. Sidney in their old parts, being nearly the same cast as in previous representations here.

The comedies represented under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Crystal this week, were Mr. Byron's *Blow for Blow*, on Tuesday, and his £100,000, on Thursday.

To-day's numerous morning performances comprise, *London Assurance*, with an attractive cast, comprising Messrs. William Farren, and F. H. Macklin as Sir Harcourt and Charles Courtley; Mr. Hermann Vezin as Dazzle; Lionel Brough an excellent Mark Meddle; Miss Henrietta Hodson as Lady Gay Spanker; Mrs. Bernard Beere as Grace Harkaway; and Miss Kate Phillips, as Pert, at the Gaiety; *Engaged*, at the Haymarket; *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville; *The Sorcerer*, at the Opera Comique; *Still Waters Run Deep*, with Mr. Charles Wyndham as John Mildmay; Mr. H. Standing as Captain Hawksley; Mr. Ashley as Potter; Mr. P. Day as Dunbilk, Miss Eastlake as Mrs. Mildmay, and Mrs. Stirling as Mrs. Sternhold, at the Criterion; *Money*, supported in the principal characters by Messrs. H. Neville (Evelyn), J. Maclean (Sir John Vesey), Righton (Graves), Geo. W. Anson (Stout), Garner (Sir F. Blount), F. H. Macklin (Dudley Smooth), Warren (Lord Glossmore), Miss B. Stammers (Clara Douglas), Miss R. Sanger (Georgina), and Mrs. John Wood (Lady Franklin), at the Globe; *The School for Scandal* at the Aquarium Theatre; and the usual entertainments at Hengler's Cirque, the German Reeds', Maske-lyne and Cooke's, Moore and Burgess' Minstrels, &c.

To-night at the Folly, where *The Creole* was withdrawn last night, Mr. W. J. Hill commences an engagement, and will appear in his original characters in the Court farces of *Peacock's Holiday*, and *Crazed*.

On Monday a new three-act comedy, *The Grasshopper*, adapted by Mr. Hollingshead from *La Cigale* of Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy, will be produced at the Gaiety. Miss Farren, Miss West, Mrs. Leigh, and Messrs. Terry, Royce, Maclean, Soutar, and Barnes play the principal characters.

Mr. D. McKay, the popular and widelyesteemed, acting Manager and Treasurer of the Vaudeville Theatre, announces his annual benefit for the afternoon of Wednesday next, when the fine old comedy of *The Road to Ruin* will be performed with an interesting and very strong cast—comprising Mr. Ryder and Mr. Charles Warner as old and young Dornton; Mr. David James as Goldfinch; Mr. T. Thorne as Silky; Mr. Horace Wigan as Sulky; Mr. Garthorne as Milford; Miss Hollingshead as Sophia; and Miss Larkin as the widow Warren.

On Saturday next a Special Festival will take place at the Royal Aquarium, for the benefit of the "The General Theatrical Fund." In the Grand Hall both afternoon and evening, grand concerts will be given under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. Arthur Sullivan, at which a powerful array of leading artists will lend their aid, including Mr. Sims Reeves, Messrs. William Shakespeare, Barton McGuckin, H. Pearson, Wilford Morgan, Fabiani, James Sydney, Federici, Wadmore, Thurley Beale, F. Celli, Garcia; Madame Edith Wynne, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Madame Cave Ashton, Madame Ida Corani, Miss Annie Sinclair, Mdles. Carlotta, and Antoinette Badia, Madame Antoinette Stirling, Miss Helen Dalton, Madame Osborne Williams, Miss Palmer, Miss Julia Elton, and Mdle. Enriquez, &c.

In the theatre, during the afternoon, dramatic performances will take place, of selections from *Family Ties*, by the Strand company; *Isaac of York*, by Mr. Righton, and his company; *O r Boys*, from the Vaudeville; *Madame Angot*, by the Alhambra cast, *Pink Dominoes*, by the Criterion company, and *Little Doctor Faust*, by Miss Farren, and her coadjutors from the Gaiety.

On Monday week the 17th inst., Mr. Toole reappears in London, at the Globe Theatre.

Dora will be produced at the Prince of Wales's, about the middle of January.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.

The popularity in which this equestrian establishment is held was proved by the enthusiastic audience that attended the re-opening for the usual winter season, on Saturday evening. Very soon after the opening of the doors, and some time before the commencement of the performance, almost every available space in the vast amphitheatre was occupied, while hundreds of applicants were unable to obtain admission. Notwithstanding the crowded audience there was no confusion, and the convenience and comfortable accommodation of all were secured, through the admirable arrangements made by, and the courteous tact of Mr. Hodson Stanley, Mr. Hengler's "business agent." The company, augmented by Mr. Charles Adams, long celebrated in connection with circus performances, and his talented troupe and splendid stud of horses and ponies, comprises riders, gymnasts, jugglers, vaulters, leapers, clowns, and grotesques, all of surpassing excellence in their several lines, so that the high prestige which Hengler's has enjoyed for several years past will be fully maintained during the present season. The opening programme, voluminous and well varied, exhibited the several clever artists, most of whom were strangers to London, to great advantage, affording the utmost satisfaction throughout to the numerous audience, as testified by their continuous applause. "Little Sandy," the drollest of the droll, is again to the fore, maintaining his indubitable right to this appellation, and received a right hearty and tumultuous welcome. Besides his well-known jumping up and down the backs of two chairs, his marvellous and agile tumbling and jumping, he introduces several new comicalities and a clever feat of maintaining his equilibrium on a huge rolling ball, and turning a somersault on it, while in motion. Two other clever clowns enliven the arena, "Little Bell" and H. Walker, the latter displaying great skill on lofty stilts. After a vaulting act on a pony, very cleverly and adroitly executed by two youthful equestrians, styled "The Jangling Jumpers," with which the programme commenced, Signor Luigi performed some juggling feats on horseback, Mr. Sidney followed with his extraordinary exploits with the magic barrel on his upraised feet. This was succeeded by a grand manoeuvre, entitled "Le Ballet de Fleur," performed by four male and four female equestrians, attired in Arcadian

costume, and each holding gigantic floral wreaths, which, joining together to form arches, bowers, &c., in the course of a series of intricate evolutions, produced very pleasing effects, and received well deserved applause. There were also the singularly amusing, "Entree Comique," by Eugene, Little Tom, and his almost infantine brother, Little Toby, who was brought into the arena in a carpet bag. Mdle. Angeline Filles's graceful evolutions on the slack wire, during which she tossed knives, rings, and bottles about with great dexterity; and the Brothers Etherdo, who in their performance on "La Perche," rival the exploits of the Japanese first introduced by Professor Risley some years ago at the Lyceum Theatre. To illustrate the perfection of training, Mr. C. Adams introduced his beautiful mare, Princess, a marvel of intelligence and obedience, and his manège horse, Akbar. Two fair equestriennes, Madame Gaertner and Miss Elise Adams, severally executed with consummate grace and skill, daring and difficult feats on flying coursers. Louis Francisco elicited great applause for his grand scene in riding and managing nine horses, controlling and putting them through a variety of changes and combinations with great dexterity and aplomb; but still greater enthusiasm was excited by the daring and graceful feats performed by Signor Guertner in his jockey scene.—The graceful style, ease and perfect finish, with which Signor Guertner accomplished his various feats, especially that of jumping clean from the arena, and alighting on his feet on the horse's back, vividly recalled to us the unique style of the young American Fernandez, who astonished London more years ago than we care to calculate. For his usual Christmas patrons, Mr. Hengler has in preparation a new juvenile spectacle, entitled *The Fairies' Garden Party*, in honour of *Little Red Riding Hood*; to be performed by a host of little children.

Mrs. S. Lane, the esteemed proprietress of the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, has issued an unusually strong programme for her annual benefit, which will take place on Monday, Dec. 17. In addition to her numerous *corps dramatique*, Miss Marie Henderson, Miss Pollie Randall, Mr. Fred Foster, Mr. G. H. Macdermott, and the Lupino Troupe have kindly consented to appear. The performances will comprise *The Smiles, Tears, and Frowns of Life*, in which Miss M. Henderson and Mrs. S. Lane will appear; the ballet of *Robinson Crusoe*, by the Lupinos; Britannia festival; a miscellaneous concert; and a new poetic drama, written expressly by Mr. E. Newbound. With such attractions we may fairly predict a bumper for the fair manageress.

On Saturday, December 15, at the Park Theatre, the Camden comedy company will give a morning performance, at which two original pieces will be played—*True Hearts*, a comedy in three acts, by Dr. Edward B. Aveling, and *Zitella*, a burlesque without a pun, by Tifkins Thudd, Esq. Any members of the theatrical profession will be admitted on production of their cards.

ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &c.

MUCH diversity of opinion seems to exist in the minds of various scribes as to whether the state of the elements last Saturday afternoon was as it should be, or otherwise, for the pursuit of athletic sports; but "what has this to do with you?" some of my readers may fairly ask; "attend to your own business and stick to your own ideas." However, to satisfy these, I may state that these few remarks are called forth by the perusal of a contemporary, rather noted for the egotism of its writers, one of whom, in speaking of the L.A.C. meeting at Stamford Bridge, says: "Fifteen good men and true had sufficient pluck to strip to the scratch, and laugh at one of the most dreary days that dreary, miserable, and hypochondriac November ever dawned upon." A second, in another article, describes the weather as "being luckily fine," a third thinks it was "tolerably fine," whilst a fourth says, "Although no rain fell, the weather was humid and cold, and trying to all concerned." Two athletic competitions were decided in the metropolitan district on Saturday, viz., the London A.C. weekly handicap and the Thames Handicap Steeplechase, No. 240. A numerous entry had been handicapped for the former, the distance for which was 120 yards, and of these twenty-seven accepted their starts, although only fifteen went to the post. F. W. Robinson, L.A.C., 6½ yards, won the first heat in 12 2-5sec, although the general body of on-lookers think, on sufferance only, H. Allan, 4 yards, not using his utmost efforts to win; G. Allen, 38th Prince of Wales' Regiment and L.A.C., 6½ yards, received the second in 12 1-5sec; F. Jarvis, L.A.C., 5½ yards, the third, in 12 3-5sec; W. P. Ward, L.A.C., 13 yards, the fourth in 12 2-5sec; W. Basan, L.A.C., was unopposed in the fifth; and W. A. Sadler, introduced, 11 yards, landed the sixth in 12 4-5sec. This half-a-dozen ran in the final heat, and "the soldier" won by three-quarters of a yard from Robinson, who only beat Jarvis by half a foot, Ward, Basan, and Sadler being close up; time, 12 1-5sec. No fewer than twenty-three competed for the Thames Steeplechase, the distance being estimated at four miles and three-quarters; the course was very heavy going, and the competitors start from the King's Head, Roehampton, and traverse the country in the neighbourhood of Beverley Brook and Rounds Farm, coming home over the common and in a bee line from the Windmill. Eventually T. Archer, T.H.H., with 7½ min start, won by 30 yards or so from W. W. Davis, Peckham A.C., 4½ min, W. G. F. Ellis, T.H. & H., 4 min 40sec, being a moderate third; J. P. Scott, Clevedon F.C., 4 min 30sec, fourth; and W. Rye, T.H. & H., 10 min, fifth; all these taking prizes; the winner's time being 32 min 41sec. At Cambridge the same afternoon the terminal sports were concluded with those of Emanuel College, the collegiates being favoured with "a gloriously fine day," as I am informed. H. Ohm won the 100 yards in 11 3-5sec, and the 120 yards handicap from scratch in 13 4-5sec; E. Hopkinson secured the 200 yards for Freshmen in 23 3-5sec, and the hurdle race easily in 22 3-5sec, whilst C. Buxton took the mile; but the event of the programme was the strangers' quarter of a mile handicap, which E. Baddeley, of Jesus, with 18 yards start, landed by a yard from H. P. Hodson, Magdalen, 27 yards; M. R. Portal, O.U.A.C., 11 yards, third; the time, 50 2-5sec, being up to crack form. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings the annual competitions of the German Gymnastic Society were held at their head-quarters, St. Pancras-road; but as I have had no opportunity, ere going to press, of obtaining the results of the second half of the programme, I shall leave a full and detailed account over for my next letter.

Some tall professionals' deeds may be expected shortly. On Monday next there is the match against time, in which W. Howes will attempt, at the Star Grounds, to walk twenty-eight miles in four hours, whilst, at Lillie-bridge, G. Hazael and Bargossi run ten miles. Perkins will also accept Howes's challenge for a three hours and a half journey, when some tall walking will assuredly take place.

'Tis a long time since I have had to record a billiard match for genuine money, but one took place on Monday evening last at Mr. Heath's saloon, the Pied Horse, Chiswell-street, City, the performers being George Collins and A. Davis, the same pair who played the previous week. The conditions were similar, viz., that Collins, who was once described as of Bristol, but is now well-known in the metropolitan circuit, should concede 300 in 1,000

for £25 a-side. Having made my way to the rendezvous a trifle too early, I was enabled to cast a critical eye over the competitors, and, previous to the time of starting play, I was "muchly" impressed with the idea that Collins did not look himself, whilst Davis seemed remarkably confident, and his backer more noticeably so. Neither man, as it turned out, played up to form, but still the game proved a most exciting one. Davis, undoubtedly, is a good sound spot hazard performer, and, moreover, plays a fair all round game, although he is plagued apparently with a billiard player's greatest curse, viz., nervousness. However, I anticipate that he will eventually prove something above the ordinary average. Of Collins I need only state that he was not in his best form, having from the commencement had a careworn appearance. A start was made at ten minutes past eight, and after a miss each, Collins scored a cannon and got on the spot, but having made three, came to grief, and there was not a single run worthy of notice from either until the game was called—Davis, 409; Collins, 153, when the former, by the aid of twenty spot hazards, ran up 69, eventually obtaining his 200 points at 8.58, being then 500 to 199. Now the balls broke very badly for Collins, whilst his opponent got in again with 51 (13 spots), and 49 (2, 3, and 3 spot), this mainly contributing to his reaching 602 against 224. Fifteen and 36 (all spots) then were placed to the credit of Collins, but a fluke 29 still helped the "light weight." Play from both now fell off, and the game was monotonous in the extreme, until Collins was 310 to 661, when he put together a very useful 56 (17 and 4 spots), and as he supplemented this, after 16 from his opponent, with 80 (4 and 14 spots), his chance looked better, more especially as a further run of 42 caused his game to reach 485 against 678. Eventually, at 487 to 715, George made 38 in his best style, when losing the white he had to give a miss in baulk, and the game standing—Collins, 525; Davis, 716—and the time being 9.42, the interval took place. Upon resuming at ten minutes past ten Collins was the first to make a decisive move with 40 (8 spots), but further description of the play would be superfluous, as no other run of importance occurred to the finish, Davis winning at 11.33 by 80 points.

The handicap, promoted by Mr. W. Shee, at the Perseverance Tavern, Vassal-road, Brixton, under the management of T. Stewart, is still progressing satisfactorily, the first round having resulted as follows:—Ward (130) beat Reuben (195) by 69, Bryant (96) beat Scless (scratch) by 28, Calverley (scratch) beat H. Batten (scratch) by 57, Topping (30) beat H. Roy (115) by 28, T. Trew (120) beat W. Roy (75) by 4, Fry (68) beat Hall (105) by 46, G. Rowe (50) beat Winfield (75) by 40, Humphrey (85) beat W. Bayley (scratch) by 31, Dunkenny (135) beat Johnson (105) by 22, P. Good (115) beat Fox (65) by 25, Lamb (68) beat W. Shee (130) by 25, Slowburn (80) beat Demetrius (55) by 1, Cooke (35) beat Church (130) by 37, T. Batten (30) beat Chapman (125) by 38, R. Lill (95) beat Connor (135) by 5. In the second draw the names came out of the hat as follows:—Lamb v. Topping, Ward v. Trew, Dunkenny v. Calverley, Bryant v. Church, Good v. Lill, Rowe v. Humphrey, Demetrius v. Fry, T. Batten a bye, and, as far as I have at the time of writing heard, Topping, Trew, Dunkenny, Bryant, and Lill have come out victorious. Fuller particulars will appear next week.

This (Thursday) evening F. Bennett and George Hunt play 1,000 up, the latter with 150 points start, at the Savoy Billiard Saloon, Savoy-street, Strand, which, together with the account of the opening of the Spa-road Billiard Saloon the previous evening, must stand over until next week.

On Monday next Mr. C. Head will commence a huge American tournament at the Philharmonic, which will receive my especial attention.

Football players were as busy as ever on Saturday last. It may be in the remembrance of many of my readers that on January 22, 1876, a team from Liverpool journeyed up to London to play the United Hospitals, the match, which was decided at Kennington Oval, resulting in a victory for "saw bones" by two tries and four touches-down to nil. On the following Monday they paid a visit to the Old Deer Park, Richmond, and played a draw with the home team, whom they ought to have defeated had their back, W. Sinclair, been a trifle more expert and seized a good chance when offered. Nothing daunted by their previous ill success, the Liverpoolians paid the metropolis another visit last Saturday, being opposed to their old antagonists the United Hospitals, at Richardson's Ground, Blackheath. The provincials played rather a weak team, and were beaten most disastrously by a goal, two tries, and about a dozen touches-down to nothing. Another country team also visited the London district, viz., one from Birmingham to play a match against the metropolitan clubs, the venue being Kennington Oval. One of the Birmingham backs, W. Moon, was disabled at half-time, which was of course against them, although they were quite over-weighted, and had to succumb pointlessly, being defeated by eleven goals, and one disallowed, to nothing. Amongst other matches played on Saturday, I may notice that the First Surrey Rifles beat Wanderers, who played one short, by a goal to nil; Oxford University (Rugby Union) Old Cliftonians by a goal and try to nothing; Cambridge University succumbed by three goals to one to Old Harrovians; Staffordshire and North Wales played a draw; Sheffield beat Notts by three goals to none (tie match); Royal Naval Engineers the Keindeer by six tries and several touches-down to nil; Hawks, Royal Artillery Band, Woolwich; Richmond, Royal Mil. Acad., Woolwich; Falcons, Ivanhoe; Skirmishers, St. Stephen's; Barnes, Herts Rangers; Brighton College, South Norwood; Rams, Mohawks; Swifts, Reading; Maidenhead, Henley; Minerva, Dreadnought; Westminster School, Old Wykehamists; St. Andrew's Rovers, Wimbledon Hornets; Dulwich College, Sydenham Hill; Vipers, University College Hospital (second team); Unity, Prairie Rangers; Walthamstow, Grove House; Woodgrange, Hermits, &c., &c.

Two sculling matches took place on the Thames last Monday, the first between Walter Messenger of Teddington, and William Smith of Kingston, from Putney Aqueduct to Mortlake, for £50; and the second between a brace of amateurs, E. Fox of the Duncan R.C., and S. Windsor of St. Martin's R.C., from Putney to Barnes Bridge, for a cup value £25. The first mentioned was a mere exercise row for Messenger, whilst Windsor also secured his event, neither match deserving further notice at my hands.

A captain's meeting was held last Saturday at Oxford, when it was resolved that the annual challenge should be sent to Cambridge, and also that a fresh judge should be appointed, and a fixed winning-post decided upon. The trials are to take place next Saturday, the Oxonians journeying to Moulsoford. With regard to the probable winners, I shall in both instances go against the opinion of the talent, as I fancy the chance of Ellison's crew for Oxford, and that of Hockins in the Cantab contest, their opponents in both instances being favourites. EXON.

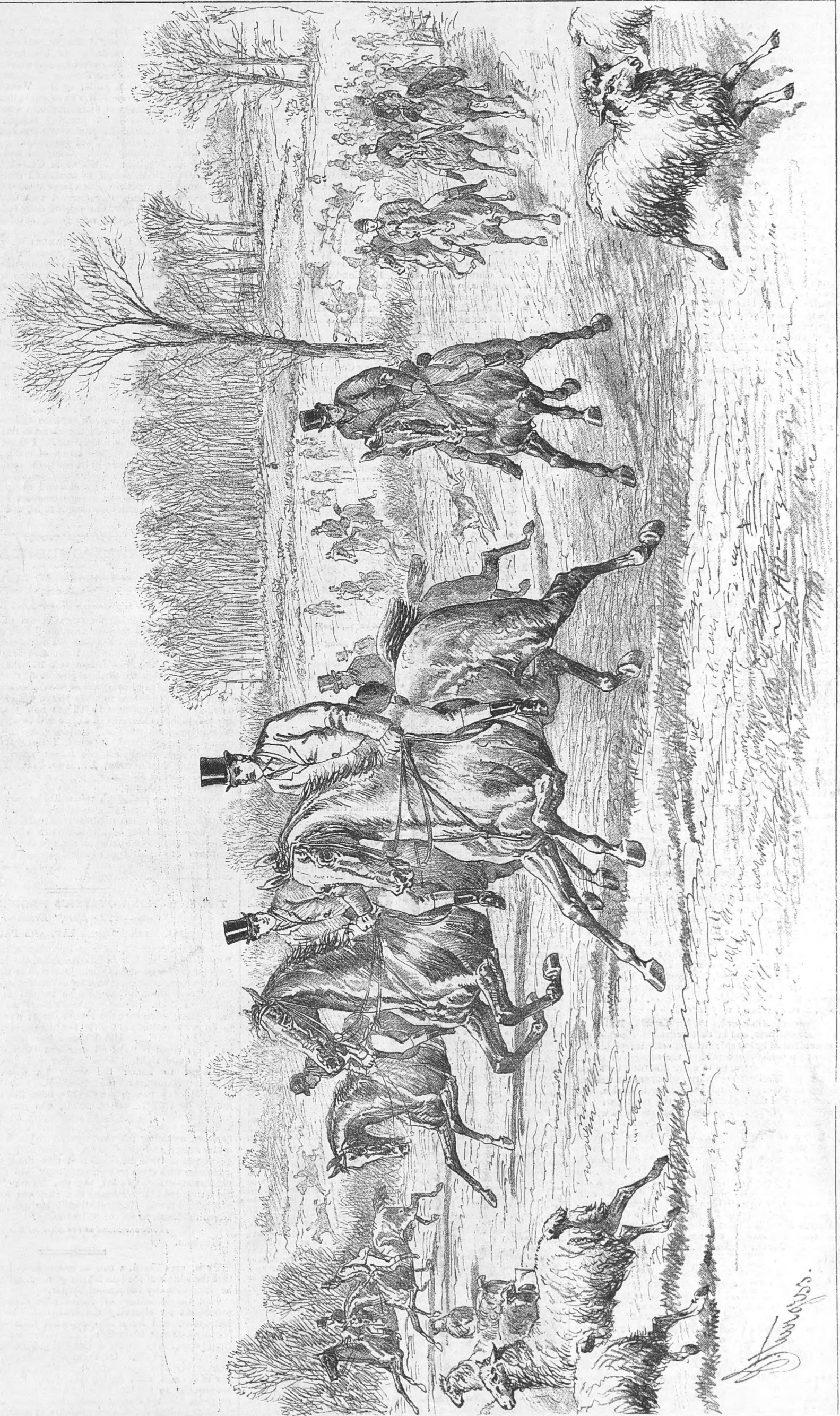
THOMAS HOLDEN'S MARIONETTES will open at the Royal, Holborn, on the 24th instant.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES contain no Opium, Morphia nor any violent drug. It is the most effective remedy known to the Medical Profession in the cure of COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS—one Lozenge alone relieves. Dr. J. BRINGLOE, M.R.C.S.L., L.S.A., L.M., writes: July 25, 1877, "Your Lozenges are excellent, and their beneficial effects most reliable; I strongly recommend them." Sold by all Chemists, in Boxes 1s. 1d., and 2s. 6d. each.—[Advt.]



PRIZE DOGS AT THE NATIONAL SHOW, BIRMINGHAM.

1. Joshua Waddington, Esq.'s "Doctor."
2. Mr. James Fawdry's Dalmatian bitch "Stella."
3. S. E. Shirley, Esq., M.P.'s, Wire-haired terrier "Tip."
4. Mr. H. C. Muster's Deerhound bitch "Brenda."
5. Lady Emily Peel's "Russian Wolf dog."
6. Mr. W. St. John Smyth's Bull dog "Alexander."
7. Mr. J. C. Carrick's Otter hound "Lottery."
8. Mr. J. Thos. Richardson's Black and Tan setter "Duke."
9. R. Price, Esq.'s Pointer dog "Wagg."
10. Mr. J. S. Gibbon's Harrier dog "Gamester."



A BURST WITH THE PYCHLEY.

REVIEWS.

The Hornet Annual is full of brightness and interest, pictorial and literary. The illustrations are unequal in merit, but the proportion of good to less good is largely on the side of the former. We like most, for its real quaintness and sly humour, "A Carol," by Robert Reece, and a spirited sketch, dashed off in his own imitatively keen and (for all the fun) suggestive manner, by Thomas Purnell. Visiting Holland with him must be a treat—to those who could stand it. A clever sketch by H. J. Byron, a paper of distinct merit by Richard Dowling, and some capital verses by Godfrey Turner and Evelyn Jerrold respectively, are amongst the remainder of the contributions which please us most. But how came "Two Japanese Arts" in the Annual? Was it in response to the editor's longing for blood?

The Gentleman's Annual (Chatto and Windus). Amongst the special Christmas numbers issued in connection with established magazines this is, in our opinion, the very best produced by more than one hand. There are three stories, each as distinct from the other as it could well be, and each a cabinet masterpiece from a master hand. This may sound like hyperbole on our part, but it is our honest opinion. But tender and weird and entrancing as is "The Pearl-Shell Necklace," by Julian Hawthorne (worthy son of an illustrious sire!), beautiful in its old-world beauty as is "Old Father Time," by R. E. Francillon, each story yields in that kind of quality which may be called vital to a tearfully-touching story called "Poor Zeph!" by F. W. Robinson. The realism of the painting is little short of startling. Charles Reade at his vividest has not written anything that pierces like some of Poor Zeph's simple talk. We must be pardoned for stepping outside the conventional groove prescribed to the conventional reviewer to thank Mr. Robinson for his story. "Poor Zeph!" deserves to rank side by side with "The Bridge of Sighs."

Once a Week Christmas Annual. Hush-a-bye Baby. (19 Tavistock-street.) In the minor key, played upon so often with success by Charles Dickens, Mr. George Manville Fenn has written, not ungracefully, and with much gentle home-like feeling and touches of tranquil humour, this Annual. It ought to find a welcome at many firesides, but—let the illustrations be carefully "skipped." We are in grave doubt as to whether we ever did see in the course of a somewhat lengthened experience such utterly wretched "pictures."

The Belgravia Annual for Christmas, 1877. (Chatto and Windus.) In other hands the story, if story it can be termed, of "The Strange Behaviour of Mr. Apostolo," would not have been worth the telling, but recounted by Mr. Sala the whimsical essay stands out distinctly superior to everything else in the Annual. The embroidery is in the author's most curious style—"rich, not gaudy"—and the humour never flags. For this we forgive the somewhat weak anti-climax. Mr. Gerald Dixon contributes a lively society sketch, entitled "Nipped in the Bud," and Mr. James Payn, who is never otherwise than satisfactory, is represented by a clever story entitled "The Fatal Curiosity." Otherwise there is nothing either remarkable or impressive amongst the literary contents in the number, but it is due to the illustrations to say that they are uniformly good—albeit Mr. Seymour's drawing of one of the figures, and the puny extremities of another, might furnish matter for mild censure.

Sixes and Sevens. Beeton's Christmas Annual. (Ward, Lock & Co.)—"E'en their ashes," &c. We have to speak now of the late S. O. Beeton, but his Annual lives. Whether or not the present production contains any "touch of the vanished hand," we are unable to say, but it is a marvellous shillingworth. Burnand, Max Adeler, Mark Twain, Henry S. Leigh, and Henry Hersee are amongst the contributors to the text, while Linley Sambourne and A. B. Frost score the honours amongst the artists. Mr. Frost's illustrations to Max Adeler's amusing story are imitatively funny. Beeton's will be reckoned amongst the merriest of the season's annuals, and, in justice to the jesters, we must say that the mirth is real and ringing. In his two songs, "set" respectively by Meyer Lutz and Henry Hersee, Henry S. Leigh is seen in his most gracefully whimsical mood. We predict for them a popularity only second to that enjoyed by "The Twins" and "The Intoxicated Fly."

The Twopenny Twins!! By CHARLES H. ROSS.—This Domestic Drama for Home Reading stands, we suppose, for the Christmas Annual of *Judy*. It is an amusing brochure, which rather suggests "Helen's Babies," and is capably illustrated by A. Chasemore in manner that occasionally reminds one of the "Bab Ballad" cuts by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

Sylvia's Annual; or, the Englishwoman's Almanac. Ward, Lock & Co.—With such a heap of Christmas literature of all kinds to deal with, we must be forgiven for saying more than a word or two about a story we have not read. "Only a Heathen" forms the principal portion of the annual under notice, occupying ninety-four of the one hundred and twenty-three pages of prose and verse of which the production is composed. The story is by the author of "The Two Marriages," "Greville's Wife," &c. Mr. F. C. Broughton is amongst the contributors. *Sylvia's Annual* boasts of several admirable illustrations, that might, with advantage, have been less feebly printed.

Live Stock Journal Almanack, 1878. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. Of formidable bulk, and in that respect somewhat repellent, the annual issued by our able contemporary is replete with interest to other than readers concerned in the rearing of stock. It is crammed full of information, up to date, that will be found useful to breeders and fanciers; the papers, which are the work of pens well known in the agricultural and kindred worlds, are attractively written; and the illustrations for the most part well drawn, engraved, and printed. This annual deserves, and will no doubt obtain, an extensive sale.

In the Dark. By R. E. Francillon. Grant and Co. The only fault we can find with this powerful story is that it is too short. Such a clever plot deserved a broader canvas for its development. The characters, especially Zora, who is a charming creation, are strongly and delicately drawn, and the interest of the reader, enlisted as it is from the first, is maintained unflinchingly to the end. We suppose we must, in view of the exigencies of the story, forgive Mr. Francillon the incident of the finding of the dead body. It could not have happened in real life, but that matters very little. "It serves." The scene in court is described in a masterly manner. *In the Dark* is the Christmas Annual, *par excellence*, which ought to be read.

The Archer (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) is the title of the Christmas Annual issued by the Editor of *The Quiver*. As far as we have been able to gather, it is calculated to satisfy in every way the requirements of the readers of the parent magazine. The stories, sketches, poems, and music are seasonably bright, the illustrations are of superior character, and the whole is bound together in a remarkably pretty cover.

THE MAGAZINES.—A portrait of Viscount Galway forms the frontispiece of *Daily*, which contains an interesting instalment of the memoir of the Rev. John Russell, a genial notice of the late Mr. Thomas Coleman, a coaching paper entitled "Down the Great South Road," a capital article on Lord Falmouth's successes, entitled "A Turf Annus Mirabilis," and other readable contributions. "Our Van" is laden with interesting parcels.—*Mirth* for

November (Tinsley) is admirable. Dulness finds no place in its pages. The editor, Mr. H. J. Byron, is represented by the clever patter-song from *Little Doctor Faust*, some easy verses on *Punch*, and a clever prose sketch. The music of the song, by Lutz, is also given. Amongst so many good things it is difficult to select one for special commendation. We like best, however, Mr. Sala's "Happy Gaol," Mr. Albery's paper, and Mr. Godfrey Turner's contributions; least a prolonged snarl, which is neither very novel nor very humorous, from the pen of C. S. Cheltenham.—In *Belgravia* for November (Chatto and Windus) we have the conclusion of Mrs. Lynn Linton's magnificent novel, "The World Well Lost," and the continuation of Mr. Payn's "By Proxy." It would be unreasonable, perhaps, to expect Mr. Payn to keep one for ever on the tenterhooks of almost unbearable expectation, but, measured by some of the former chapters, these strike us as being rather tame. An interesting paper on Theodore Hook, an article on "Some Animal Architects," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, together with an intensely original sketch by Richard Dowling, entitled, "The Mysterious Speculator," make up, with other papers and a passable poem or so, the sum of an unusually meritorious number.—The *Dublin University Magazine* (Hurst and Blackett) contains a life-like portrait and well-written biographical notice of Theodore Martin, who is rather in front just now, owing to the recent issue of the third volume of his life of the late Prince Consort. Otherwise the part is uncommonly strong and interesting. "The Folk-Lore of Christianity," by F. R. Conder; "A Woeful Waif," a delightfully sympathetic paper on a too-little-known Irish poet; "Christmas Eve in a Northern Vicarage," and "Bluebeard Rehabilitated," by the late W. H. Harrison, comprise the most noteworthy of the contents of this month's *Dublin*.

A Sussex Idyl. By CLEMENTINA BLACK. London: Samuel Tinsley.—Another modern version of King Cophetua's love. A charming pastoral story about a young law student who, being on a pedestrian tour through Sussex, sprains his ankle, stays at a small farmhouse until he is able to walk, falls in love with the farmer's pretty maidservant, and marries her. In all its two hundred and sixty-four pages no incident more startling, important, romantic, or sensational will be found than these few lines contain. It has no mysterious complications of any kind; no hair-breadth escapes; no sudden or other kind of death; no terrible mistakes or extraordinary misunderstandings. Nobody forges a will, commits burglary, perpetrates a murder, runs away with another man's daughter or wife, or another woman's husband. It has not a villain of even the mildest description. The characters are few and common-place, and they live the most uneventful of lives. It is a tale full of quiet simplicity, finished even in its minutest and homeliest details with Dutch-like conscientiousness, and yet thoroughly interesting. From the first page to the last it has retained a strong hold upon our attention, and we have read steadily on to the end, impatient of interruption. We were much pleased with one of the stories which Oliver tells the farmer's children, when, confined to his room without books or companions he seeks amusement in amusing them. As it is not too long to quote, we append it:—

Oliver rubbed his forehead thoughtfully, and began, after a moment's consideration:

"Well, there was once a young man; he was going from Castille to Toledo, on business."

"Do you know where Castille is?"

"No."

"It's where the Castille soap comes from. So this young man was going from Castille to Toledo."

"What was his name?" interrupted Lolly.

"His name was—let me see—Fritidum. Now, when he had gone a mile, he saw a man coming along from Toledo, and the man came up to him, and he said:

"How do you do?" But Fritidum didn't make any answer."

"Why didn't he?"

"Oh, because he was crusty."

"Oh, I don't know that."

"Well, when Fritidum had gone past, the man turned round, and looked after Fritidum going away. Fritidum heard him say to himself, 'I'll pay him out for this some day!' So Fritidum went on his way to Toledo, and the man went the other way, and was soon out of sight. But a little while after, Fritidum saw another man coming towards him, and he was so exactly like the other man that Fritidum could not tell whether it was the same or not."

"Presently, as they were just meeting," the man said, "How do you do?" and Fritidum was very much surprised, for he could not tell how the same man could be at two places at once, and he was rather frightened, so he did not say anything. And when he had gone past, he could hear that the man stopped, and looked back after him. And in a little while he heard the man say to himself, 'I'll pay him out for this, some day.' And Fritidum went on his way, (but he could not help thinking of what had happened to him). And he had not gone much further, when another man came into view along the road in front of him, as the others had done. And he was just like them, and everything happened to this one just as it had with the others. And this went on for every mile or two, all the way to Toledo."

"But why didn't he answer the man sometimes, and see what happened then?" asked Lolly.

"Oh, he was too much frightened. Now, when Fritidum got to Toledo, and he thought to himself, something must be done to stop this, and he thought he must go and confess. Do you know what that is?"

"No."

"Well, in Spain, you know—that's the country where Castille is—the people go, one by one, now and then, to the priests, that is the clergymen, you know—and tell them what they have done, especially if they have done anything wrong; and the priests give them advice, and that's very well. Fritidum thought he must confess. So he went to the church at Toledo. Now, round the church, in the inside, there were statues. But when Fritidum went in, it seemed to him that all the statues were just the same as the man he had kept on meeting in the road. There were fifty statues round the church, and as Fritidum had met the man fifty times on the road, that was just right. Now, Fritidum was, as you may suppose, very much frightened. And he ran out of the church, and went straight back to Castille, without doing the business that he had come to Toledo for. But it was just as bad going back, as it had been coming."

He kept on meeting the same man every mile or so, and the same things always happened. And he met him fifty times on the road. That made a hundred times altogether now. When he got back to Castille, he thought he really must confess. And he went to the church there. Now this church has a hundred statues in it. But when he went in, it was worse than before, for he thought all the statues were the same as that man. So he went out of the church more quickly than he had gone in, and despaired of being able to confess at all. But wherever he went he kept meeting men, all alike, who asked him how he was, and he did not dare to answer. Fritidum could not bear this long; but he bethought himself of a certain old monk. This monk was very good, and he had a large white beard. So Fritidum asked him what he should do. And the monk answered that he would think about it. So Fritidum went away, and was as much pestered and worried by the man as ever. Next day Fritidum went back to the monk, and the monk said he would think about it. And this went on, over and over again, for six months, and Fritidum could attend to nothing, and he began to get quite thin. But at the end of six months, when Fritidum asked what he should do, the monk said he had thought about it. And Fritidum said "What?" and the monk said, he thought perhaps the best thing he could do would be to ask the man what he wanted. And then, as Fritidum was going home again, he met the man, he said, as usual, "How do you do?" But Fritidum answered, "Very well, thank you." And they both stood still, and Fritidum asked him what he wanted. The man said, "You have insulted me nine hundred and ninety-nine times; and if you had done it again, I should have turned you into a cannibal. But as it is, you must be punished." And Fritidum said, "I await my sentence." And the man said, "Your punishment shall be that whenever you go near any one, it shall seem to you as if they smelt of hair oil." And then the man went away, and Fritidum never saw him again. But it was as it was said. And Fritidum had to leave his relations and friends, and live in a desert, and he never came near the town of Castille, or any other town, except on market days, and then he wore corks in his nose. But he was always very polite. So he lived till he died. That is the end."

"Is it really true, asked Lolly."

"Did you make it up?" asked Carry.

"Why didn't he fight that other man?" said Tommy; I should.

Me!—July and August. London: F. Warne & Co.—"Me!" is an American story, with a strong likeness to the large and growing family of semi-religious stories to which it belongs, and which owe their popularity in this country to a novelty and

freshness of style and treatment, which must soon become hackneyed and wearisome. Of its kind, however, it is one of the best.

Swet and Twenty, by MORTIMER AND FRANCIS COLLINS. London: F. Warne & Co.—This is a re-issue of a slightly-constructed story, full of pretty fancies, to the making of which no great labour, or expenditure of thought, was devoted, although it is fairly amusing and readable. It has, however, been quite popular enough amongst the great mass of novel readers to justify its republication in this cheap form.

The Girls' Home Book. Edited by Mrs. VALENTINE. London: Frederick Warne & Co.—This is an excellent little work for open-air pastimes, in-door games, and young folks who delight in growing flowers, dressing dolls, guessing riddles, and otherwise wholesomely and pleasantly employing those hours which might otherwise be idle, wearisome, and dangerous.

The Young Woman's Book. Compiled and edited by Mrs. VALENTINE. London: F. Warne & Co.—Young women will find this cheap little manual of household receipts and amusements very useful. It contains a large amount of information on a great variety of subjects connected with food, the furnishing and decoration of home, the various daily tasks of the household, accidents of frequent occurrence, out-door employments, &c., &c.

Garden Receipts. Edited by CHARLES W. QUIN. London: Macmillan & Co.—As a kind of appendix to larger and more common works on the subject of gardening, this little book will be found very serviceable. It contains much useful information of a soundly practical description, which we have failed to find in many larger and far more pretentious volumes. It is not a mere compilation from other sources, but evidently the production of one who writes from personal experience of the subjects he deals with. None of our amateur gardeners—and in these days of suburban homes who is not an amateur gardener?—should be without it.

Primer of Pianoforte Playing. By Franklin Taylor. Edited by G. GROVE. London: Macmillan & Co.—For the student who is not content to stop short at that mediocrity which satisfies the great mass of ordinary players on the pianoforte, this little manual will be found a valuable assistant. Without pretending to teach by mere reading, it explains and renders clear many matters of importance which the common run of teachers leave obscure and imperfectly understood. The author's language is simple, and he has the happy knack of making his instructions exceedingly plain and easy to be comprehended.

Oxenford's French Songs and Costello's Troubadours. London: Warne & Co. This new and cheap edition of these well-known excellent works, in one compact handy volume as a part of the Chandos series is welcome to us, and will be welcomed in many quarters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"WHAT THE WORLD SAYS?"

"Addit frena feris."

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—A charitable performance in aid of the well known "Sailors' Home and Soldiers' Institute" took place recently at a theatre in Portsmouth. I enclose you a programme of the Entertainment. As the Hon. Sec. I am able to state that it was a great success. The *World*, however, travelling so fast, was, I suppose, only able to catch a glimpse of the truth of its first sentence, stated in a paragraph of November 28th, and so had to resort to a penny-a-liner to make up the rest of that truly edifying paragraph. It is needless to tell you how untrue, and without any foundation, the report is, as you will be able to refer to the programme. No "Major" conjuring, and no watch trick performed. The case speaks for itself. I trust the *World's* informant will in future speak *La vérité sans peur*. Apologising for troubling, I remain yours, &c, GEO. CECIL THORNE GEORGE, R. G. Gloucester Militia.

November 30th, 1877.

The offending paragraph referred to by our correspondent runs thus:—"During a recent charitable performance at a theatre in Portsmouth, one of the performers, a gallant major belonging to the garrison, having been considerably chaffed by one of the gallery, finally lost all patience, stopped suddenly in his part, and challenged his tormentor to come down and try the part himself, and see if he could do it better." An alleged scene at a conjuring entertainment is also described.

THE WHISTLING OYSTER'S PROPHETIC VISION.

Scene—"The Mart," December 13.

MESSRS. FAREBROTHER, LYE, AND PALMER (*log.*).

WALK up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the last of Rule's Oyster Rooms in Maiden Lane, the lease and goodwill whereof is now offered to you. Observe the three Rules—father and two sons, as like one another as three oysters. The home of the Rules is about to be sold, so there is no end of "Home Rule," or Rule's Home. Though there are three Rules, this had nothing to do with the rule of three; on the contrary, it has to do with multiplication, for the more money you put on, the sooner I shall finish. Did I hear a gentleman say that keeping an oyster room is "not all beer and skittles"? The gentleman is quite right. This is beer and *knock-em-downs*, for we want to knock the whole lot down to the highest bidder. Remember the goodwill, too, gentlemen the goodwill of a lounge which has been frequented for half a century by authors, actors, artists, and journalists, kept by a worthy family, who supported their native county, native talent, and native oysters. Everything is going at the last stroke of the hammer, including the two monster shells in the window, the oyster knives, and the Cayenne pepper and the cruet. Did a gentleman say that the family will take the goodwill of all their customers with them on their retirement into the country? The gentleman—"step forward, sir, you are wag"—is quite right; but let me tell that gentleman that they will leave as much good will behind them. What shall we begin with, gentlemen, ten or fifteen thousand, to set the ball a rolling?

(To be continued at the Mart on Dec. 13th.)

Mitcham.

F. G.

It is, says *Truth*, a curious instance of the laws of affinity, that the widow of the late Master of the Bicester Hounds, should be going to marry the present Master.

THE Commissioners of Police have recently issued special instructions for enforcing the laws relative to stray dogs in the metropolis, and have also extended their operations over a broader area than heretofore. The police are consequently capturing dogs in the streets of London and the suburbs at the rate of about 200 per day. Of these about 30 per cent. are claimed and recovered by their owners; and the remainder, excepting a few of the most valuable, are destroyed. Persons claiming dogs are required to produce their licenses; and, if they fail to do so, are reported to the Commissioners of Excise for further proceedings. The edict of the Chief Commissioner of Police against the dogs extends over 60 days from the 27th of November, and all dogs at large are liable to seizure.

TURFIANA.

WHAT may be termed the "gigantic gooseberry season" of the Turf has commenced, and its frozen out followers, with nothing better to do, have been raising disputes as to the colour of The Lamb, and the cause of death among Her Majesty's mares at Hampton Court. Doctor Shorthouse sticks boldly to the "black" theory, upon which M. Andre joins issue, favouring the "white" side of the question, while the Lamb-skin, like relics in Catholic countries, has been found capable of being in two places at once, and is both rotting in Germany, and covering Lord Poulett's arm-chair. All this is very entertaining, and does nobody much harm, but the remarks of "Pavo" seem to have caused Colonel Maude to be much exercised in his mind as to the false impressions likely to be raised thereby. The gallant equerry need not have taken "Pavo's" learned disquisitions so much to heart, as he should be aware by this time, at least, that that ingenious bird is ever discovering mares' nests, and this is only one of the many of which he has given the readers of the *Post* an elaborate description. Whether he was also the author of the "shave" that Cobham was attacked by a similarly virulent disease we know not; but the wires were soon put into requisition, and Mr. Bell curtly telegraphed back a clean bill of health, and thus the matter ends. The only part of Colonel Maude's letter with which we feel disinclined to agree, is his statement that the disease could not have lain dormant so long in the mare imported from Mentmore; for it is upon record, in cattle plague experiences, that such a thing might very easily happen, the latent germ being at last developed by change of air or food. In any case we hope to have heard the last of this terrible scourge among Belgravian mothers, and of the Pavorian hypotheses on the correct treatment of such unfortunate cases.

The Earl is, we hear, to come south, or rather "down west," as they say in that region, for Mr. Freeman, of Bath, has taken him for one season, at least, at his stud farm at Newbridge Hill, where he is to keep company with Asteroid and Joskin. A few weeks ago we stated that The Earl had, during his sojourn in Russia, so far improved upon his "form" at the stud in this country as to have stunted half his mares, and there seems every reason to believe that he has mended his manners since the days when he presided at Neasham for the first time. Of course his adoption by Mr. Freeman is pure "spec" on the part of that gentleman, who rightly considers that so grand a horse must be worth another trial, and there can be no doubt of his produce finding a ready market, should they be brought into the sale ring. As mere matter of sentiment, the horse is so good looking as to be worth keeping to look at; but we trust Mr. Freeman may find him a reformed character, and that change of air may work the wonders which it gets the credit of doing in so many cases of human ailment. Hitherto Mr. Freeman has encountered nothing but the frowns of fortune, but this is so frequently the case with breeders at starting, that he should not be discouraged, and doubtless all will come right in the end, for we can imagine no locality better adapted for rearing and developing young thoroughbred stock than the place selected in the valley where nestles the fair "Queen of the West." A little of the weeding out process among his mares would do no harm, and doubtless we shall see "chops and changes" another season; for the present one is much too far advanced to make it a profitable operation, foaling time for many of them being so near at hand.

There seem to be plenty of sires of a "certain class," anxious to find situations in the first page of the *Racing Calendar*, but nobody comes forward to take them by the hand, though there may be some gems in the rough among them. D'Estournel may be said to have had a fair public trial at Middle Park, where he left some promising looking stock, and at one time it seemed as though he was about to make a move, but it all came to nothing, and he still hangs fire in the market. Controversy may be had, we believe, on easy terms, but breeders are always shy of going in for a horse of doubtful parentage, be appearances never so much in favour of one of his progenitors over the other. No kind of moral doubt would appear to exist that Lord Rosebery's useful old "timekeeper" is descended from The Miner, for there is not an atom of the Lambton character or quality about him, and we should not be surprised to see the Frenchmen nibbling at him ere long, for he is emphatically a horse "of their sort." The Rake and Bertram are both also in the sale list, and for many Doncaster meetings past we have seen the former shown out, yet the public fight shy of him, forgetful of his doughty deeds as a two year old, and giving him but small credit for the production of that "dear old Scamp." Chypre never looked like furnishing into anything out of the common; and there are so many King Tom sires about, with very moderate credentials, that Coltness and All Heart are quite left out in the cold, along with King Alfred, another of the same kidney, whose owner brought him back from Sweden, intending to return with a fresh strain of blood. The Rothschild bay was always one of the gawky, sprawling kind, and not built on nearly such level lines as his contemporary Restitution, lately deceased. Among other waifs and strays we find such *quondam* celebrities as Reverberation, Earl of Dartrey, Rosebery, and Strike, all likely to be useful in certain spheres, but not up to that form which is indispensable for attracting patronage in these days of keen competition. On the other hand, eligible brood mares are by no means plentiful, and we have lately seen some very moderate specimens snapped up at prices apparently above their value, a pretty sure proof that breeders are flourishing, and that material is scarce. Foal stakes, "on easy terms" to subscribers, seem to be all the go among clerks of courses, both North and South, and Mr. T. S. Dawson has lately successfully "negotiated" one for Thirsk, in which most breeders of note are represented. The idea has much to commend it, and in particular it gives a chance to untried horses of having their produce engaged at a small cost, and thus being enabled to try conclusions with the "swells."

The liquor licence to Kingsbury, races has once more been refused, and the magistrates stand firm to their guns, despite the volleys of ridicule launched at their devoted heads by apologists for the system of racing pursued at suburban meetings. Meanwhile, the jovial visage and stalwart form of Mr. Warner do not seem to have "deteriorated," and mine host of the Welsh Harp might now take heart of grace, and persuade Sir Wilfrid Lawson to undertake a stewardship in his venture. Of the "Resident" we hear nothing, but he will doubtless crop up again during "the winter of our discontent," and be pellucid, as usual, for want of some better amusement among upholders of the "national sport."

Utter stagnation prevails in betting circles, and the most of the leviathans having closed their books for the season, only a few irrepressibles among the little men are left to haggle over little races, and to furnish a stray quotation now and then, duly chronicled and promulgated by recording angels who care to catch at such straws.

The present dead season of the racing year appears singularly favourable to the discovery of mares' nests, and one fine day the sporting world was startled by a letter appearing in the columns of the *Standard*, hinting at the existence of a large sum of unclaimed forfeits in the hands of Messrs. Weatherby, thereby setting many credulous and ignorant people by the ears, and inducing the belief that untold accumulations were lying in the Burlington-street coffers to be claimed by the "Executors, administrators, and assigns" of deceased victims of defaulters. It never seemed

to strike those thoughtless folks that the *Racing Calendar* should be regarded in the light of a *Gazette* by claimants; and the answer of Messrs. Weatherby was as full and satisfactory as it could be, and at once dispelled the "golden dreams" which had been raised by the followers of "Sport," who was respectfully invited to send in his name to the keeper of the Match Book, in order that any amounts owing to (or by) him might forthwith be ascertained. As a rule, the Turf cannot be accused of attracting a set of men wanting in keenness, and where money is owing, we may trust to a sharp look out being kept that, when forthcoming, it shall not be diverted from its lawful and proper destination.

The doings at Sandown Park this week have fairly sustained the reputation of that fashionable place of resort, and John Day and Carthusian, who have been in harness all the season upon the flat, have commenced a new line of life over hurdles, and have not disgraced themselves therein. The steeple-chasing furnished some interesting items, and the method of conducting affairs at Esher shows that meetings in the suburbs need not degenerate into "vamps" and benefits for roughs, provided that ways and means are forthcoming to exclude the obnoxious element. Of the great rival venture at Kempton Park we hear nothing as yet, but everything is said to be in preparation, and we shall be curious to see whether the programme of its promoters is as imposing in the performance as in the promise thereof.

SKYLARK.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

SANDOWN PARK DECEMBER MEETING.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4.

The CLAREMONT HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 100 sovs, added to 5 sovs each; two miles.

Captain Pigott's Roundhead by Kettledrum—Susannah, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb Lord M. Beresford 1
Mr. T. Stevens's Tutor, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb Mr. Friend 2
Mr. A. Egerton's Sheet Anchor, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb Mr. C. Rowland 3
Also ran: Nut Brown, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb; Spider, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb; Sleight-of-Hand, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb; Agnes Peel, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb; Sir William Wallace, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb; Maidstone, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb. 7 to 4 agst Tutor, 3 to 1 agst Roundhead, 4 to 1 agst Maidstone, 8 to 1 agst Sleight-of-Hand, and 10 to 1 agst Nutbrown and Agnes Peel. Won by five lengths; bad third.

A SELLING STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; two miles.

Mr. J. Gartlan's Easter Monday by Kidderminster—Nu, aged, 10st 11lb (£50) Levitt 1
Mr. Coupland's Image, aged, 12st 17lb (100) Mr. G. Moore 2
Mr. Randall's Rattleway, aged, 12st (50) Mr. St. James 3
Also ran: Brassey, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb (50); Lady Pitt, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb (100); Edward, aged, 12st (50); King William, aged, 12st (50); President, aged, 12st (50). 6 to 4 agst Rattleway, 3 to 1 agst Brassey, 5 to 1 agst Image, and 10 to 1 each agst Easter Monday, Lady Pitt, and Edward. Won by half a length; same between second and third. Lady Pitt fell. Sold for 150gs. to Mr. Coote.

THE GRAND ANNUAL HURDLE RACE of 15 sovs each, 5 ft with 300 added; the second received 50 sovs, and the third saved stake. Two miles.

Mr. Tuckwell's Antidote by Adventurer—Bella Donna, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb R. T'Anson 1
Mr. F. Patmore's Cocotte, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb Potter 2
Mr. J. Spraggett's Northfleet, 5 yrs, 11st Gillett 3
Mr. G. Foster's Industrious, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb (inc 10lb ex) J. Prince 4
Captain Stirling's Whitebait, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb W. Reeves 5
Captain Stirling's Pluton, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb C. Archer 6
Mr. C. J. Blake's Waterwitch, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb Mr. St. James 7
Mr. P. Cooper's Princess Bon Bon, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb S. Daniels 8
Count H. de Breteuil's Peau d'Ane, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb H. Edwards 9
2 to 1 agst Antidote, 100 to 30 agst Peau d'Ane, 6 to 1 each agst Pluton and Cocotte, 8 to 1 each agst Waterwitch and Princess Bon Bon, 10 to 1 agst Industrious, and 100 to 8 agst Waterwitch. Won by a length and a half; a neck between second and third. Waterwitch slipped up at the turn for home. 4min. 5sec.

A SELLING HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE of 100 sovs, added to 5 sovs each. One mile and three-quarters.

Lord M. Beresford's ch g Bounce by Angelus, dam by Barnacles, aged, 11st 12lb (£100) Owner 1
Mr. H. Owen's Crassus, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb (£40) Owner 2
Mr. W. Morris's Tynemouth, aged, 11st 7lb (£40) Mr. Barnes 3
Also ran: Excelsior, 4 yrs, 11st (100); Carlino, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb (car 11st 2lb) (40); Kenilworth, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb (40); Lovebird, aged, 11st (40); Little Fawn (h-b), aged, 11st (40). 6 to 4 agst Crassus, 100 to 30 agst Kenilworth, 4 to 1 agst Bounce, and 8 to 1 agst any other. Won by a head; a bad third. Mr. H. Rymill purchased the winner for 200gs.

A GREAT MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 300 sovs, added to 10 sovs each, 5 ft; the second received 50 sovs, and the third 20. One mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Fitzroy's John Day, by John Davis—Breakwater, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb J. Adams 1
Lord Lonsdale's Carthusian, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Jewitt 2
Mr. T. Jennings, jun's Canard, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb Owner 3
Also ran: Chieftain, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb; Stanley, 6 yrs, 10st 11lb; Lord Lincoln, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb; Ruth, 3 yrs, 10st 10lb; Downpatrick, 3 yrs, 10st 5lb; Middle Temple, aged, 11st 6lb. 6 to 5 on John Day, 100 to 30 agst Middle Temple, 5 to 1 agst Carthusian, and 100 to 7 agst any other (offered). Won by two lengths; a bad third.

THE PRINCE OF WALES STEEPLECHASE of 10 sovs each for starters, with 100 added; the second saved stake. Two miles and three-quarters.

Mr. Fitzroy's Chilblain by Jack Frost—Grand Duchess, aged, 11st 8lb J. Adams 1
Sir R. B. Harvey's Vintner, aged, 10st 11lb T. Anthony 2
Mr. Taylor's Gamebird, aged, 11st 13lb Mr. T. Beasley 3
Also ran: Jackal, aged, 12st 3lb; Revenger, aged, 12st 3lb; Rufina, aged, 10st 12lb; Ropedancer, aged, 10st 7lb. Even on Jackal, 3 to 1 agst Chilblain, 8 to 1 agst Ropedancer, and 10 to 1 each agst Rufina, Gamebird, and Vintner. Won by three lengths; four between second and third. Jackal and Rufina fell.

WEDNESDAY.

A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 100 sovs. Two miles.
Mr. W. Gardner's b h Kanald by Lord Cliden—Maid of the Mist, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb (£50) Mr. W. H. Johnston 1
Lord M. Beresford's Anacreon, aged, 12st 5lb (£50) Owner 2
Mr. H. Owen's Crassus, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb (£50) Owner 3
Also ran: Tynemouth, aged, 12st 5lb (£50); b g Patch, aged, 11st 7lb (£50); Arcadia, 4 yrs, 12st 5lb (£50); Alpha, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb (£50). 6 to 4 agst Anacreon, 2 to 1 agst Kanald, and 7 to 1 each agst Crassus and Alpha. Won by a length and a half; same between second and third. The winner was sold to Lord M. Beresford for 200gs, and Alpha to Mr. Davis for 52gs.

THE ROYAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 100 sovs. Three miles.

Captain Pigott's ch g Roundhead by Kettledrum—Susannah, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb Lord M. Beresford 1
Mr. R. J. E. Oliver's gr m Early Dawn, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb Mr. Lee Barber 2
Mr. Thirlwall's ch m Little Fawn (h-b), aged, 12st Owner 3
100 to 30 on Roundhead, who won by a length, after all had fallen and repeatedly refused.

A SELLING HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 100 added. One mile and a half.

Mr. W. Pearson's ch f Lady of Avenel by Blinkhoolie—Love Letter, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (£40) S. Daniels 1
Mr. Gilpin's Huntly, 5 yrs, 11st (£40) J. Toon 2
Mr. J. Tame's Silveryley, aged, 11st (£40) J. Prince 3
Also ran: Burlington, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (£40); Victoire, 3 yrs, 10st (£40); Stroller, 5 yrs, 10st (£40); Rattleway, aged, 11st 4lb (£60); Kate, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (£40); Hopbine, 3 yrs, 10st (car 10st 2lb) (£40); Easter Monday, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (car 10st 10lb) (£40); Rossini, 3 yrs, 10st (£40); King Sweep, 3 yrs, 10st (£40); Eurasian, 3 yrs, 10st (car 10st 2lb) (£40); Cloister Belle, 5 yrs, 11st (£40); Grouse, 3 yrs, 11st (£150); Fremantle, 4 yrs, 11st (£100); King, 3 yrs, 10st (£40); Plebeian, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (£40); Chaffinch, 3 yrs, 10st (£40). 3 to 1 agst Silverley, 5 to 1 agst Lady of Avenel, 8 to 1 each agst Rattleway, Kate, and Rossini, 10 to 1 each agst Burlington, Victoire, and Cloister Belle, 12 to 1 agst Hopbine, 100 to 7 agst Easter Monday, and 100 to 6 agst Eurasian. Won by five lengths; a head between second and third. Sold to Mr. Rymill for 410gs.

THE PRIORY STEEPLECHASE of 100 sovs, added to 5 sovs each. Three miles.

Mr. J. Goodliff's br g by Knight of Kars—Rosalba, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb Mr. W. H. Johnston 1
Mr. J. Nightingall's Aboyne, aged, 12st 7lb Mr. G. Moore 2
Mr. A. Yates's Tynemouth, aged, 12st 12lb Owner 3
Also ran: Latitat, 6 yrs, 12st 12lb; Patch, aged, 11st 7lb; Albert, aged, 12st 12lb; Index, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb. 6 to 4 agst Albert, 3 to 1 agst Rosalba gelding, 100 to 30 agst Aboyne, and 6 to 1 agst Index. Won by five lengths, a bad third. Latitat refused, and Index and Albert fell.

THE GREAT SANDOWN STEEPLECHASE of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, with 500 added; the second received 50 sovs, and the third 25 out of the stakes. Four miles. 36 sovs, 17 of whom declared forfeit.

Lord M. Beresford's bl g Chimney Sweep by Planet (h-b), aged, 10st 6lb J. Adams 1
Sir J. L. Kaye's Citizen, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb W. Reeves 2
Mr. H. Tuckwell's Antidote, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb R. T'Anson 3
Mr. Fitzgerald's Sweet Meadow, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb Levitt 4
Mr. J. Johnson's Lancet, aged, 10st 7lb S. Daniels 5
Lord Lonsdale's Whitehaven, aged, 10st 7lb Jewitt 6
Captain Crofton's Martha, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb Mr. T. Beasley 7
Captain Crofton's Abdallah, aged, 10st T. Anthony 8
Mr. Fitzroy's Chilblain, aged, 10st 9lb (inc 9lb ex) Sherrington 9
Mr. E. Sidney's Mayflower, aged, 10st Billing 10
7 to 4 agst Antidote, 100 to 30 agst Citizen, 4 to 1 agst Chimney Sweep, 8 to 1 agst Meadow, 10 to 1 agst Lancet, and 12 to 1 each agst Chilblain and Whitehaven. Won by a head; a length between second and third.

A SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 100 added. Two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Randall's br h Rattleway by Kattle—Frailty, aged, 11st 6lb W. Canavan 1
Mr. Bambridge's President, aged, 11st C. Lawrence 2
Mr. Quarty's Anchorite, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb Gregory 3
Also ran: Image, aged, 12st 3lb, King William, aged, 10st 11lb. 2 to 1 (at first 6 to 4) agst Rattleway, 9 to 4 agst Image, 5 to 2 agst Anchorite, and 6 to 1 agst President. Won by a length and a half; a bad third. Image and King William fell. Bought in for 105gs.

A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 100 sovs added. One mile and a half.

Mr. Fitzroy's b h Friar Tuck by Hermit—Romping Girl, 5 yrs, 12st 2lb J. Adams 1
Mr. H. Robertson's Juvenis, 6 yrs, 11st 13lb K. Marsh 2
Mr. G. F. Foster's Kate, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb J. Prince 3
Also ran: Revenge, aged, 11st 12lb, Arbitrator, 6 yrs, 11st, Chimère, 4 yrs, 11st, Roll Call, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb, Elliott, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb, Maid Marian, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb, Princess Bon Bon, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb, Annette, 4 yrs, 10st, Father Mathew, 3 yrs, 10st, Kino, 3 yrs, 10st. 9 to 4 agst Juvenis, 5 to 1 (at first 3 to 1) agst Friar Tuck, 6 to 1 each agst Elliott and Princess Bon Bon, 8 to 1 agst Arbitrator, 10 to 1 agst Maid Marian, and 12 to 1 agst Father Mathew. Won by a length. A bad third.

Scene, Sandown. Occasion, ten minutes before the Grand Annual Hurdle Race. *Dramatis Personæ*. Two Irishmen—One (persuasively), "Now, Mr. —, will you stand Waterwitch, when I tell you Arbitrator could only just heat her, at home?"—The other (evasively), "I may, or I may not—but on second thoughts, I will not, for I remember at the time you speak of, Arbitrator was but a yearling!"—*Sporting Life*.

NORTHLEET.—This horse was sold at Sandown Park Wednesday, after the second race, by Mr. Hague, in order to dissolve a partnership.

MR. ST. JAMES hurt his right ankle very much, owing to Waterwitch, whom he was riding, slipping up in the Grand Annual Hurdle Race at Sandown Park, on Tuesday, and it will probably be some time before he can again appear in the saddle.

MARRIED.—On Tuesday morning, at St. Mary's Church, Newmarket, Mr. Alfred Hayhoe, jun., to Miss Harriett Rogers, third daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Rogers, trainer and jockey.

We are sorry to have to report that Mr. Richard Wright, the well-known breeder, met with a severe accident on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Wright was driving, and his horse bolted and threw him from his trap, on the road from Richmond to his Stud Farm at High Gingerfield. According to the latest accounts he was progressing favourably.

THERE is, it strikes us, a great amount of false shame amongst the wearers of what is called "mock" and "sham" jewellery; and as much false pride amongst those who wear the "real" gold jewellery. If the one is equal to the other in all that renders it valuable for personal adornment, or use, in what is it superior to the other? Surely it is not because the one is merely more costly. Here, for instance, are some specimens of the newly introduced Oriside gold jewellery, equal to gold in richness of colour, in durability, in strength and in every desirable quality, excepting cost. In design, as witness the elaborate and novel pattern of the Sultan Albert—most elegant and artistic, and in finish as elaborate and complete as the workmanship in the more costly metal could be, and yet of all the thousands who wear jewellery from Mr. Kowe's establishment in the Brompton-road, how few would have the courage to admit that it was not of another metal, merely, because the other metal is the more costly.

SPORT IN THE BLACK FOREST.

IN smart soldier-like little coats and jockey caps, with huge boots after the pattern of those worn by melo-dramatic villains in the smuggling line of business, and with all sorts of things slung about them in the shape of pouches, powder flasks, horns, &c., our boar-hunting Continental sportsmen's get up is something wonderful to gaze upon. Bearded and fierce, talkative, and full of excitement, they start before the dawn to meet the beaters at some appointed spot, where a good breakfast prepares them for the desperate adventures and daring doings of the day. The horn sounds, dogs are heard, and straightway there is hurried buckling of straps, lighting of cigars, pulling up of boots, looking to guns, and other preparations, after which our bold hunters sally forth to plunge into woodland depths, where the grim boar lurks. The great charm of the sport at its opening appears to reside in much noise of dogs and men, the former barking, the latter blowing horns and shouting to let the boars know what they have to expect if they will not be kind enough to get out of the way. Then, with triggers at full cock, the sportsmen wait in their allotted spots until the pigs are driven forth to meet their doom, and, after a weary wait, the shouting and barking which had almost died away in the wood grows louder and comes nearer. A cry of "Stand fast, the boars are coming!" prepares the hunter for a desperate charge of wild beasts, when forth trots, perhaps, a nice little family of juvenile pigs, with their noses close to the ground, grunting and snorting after their manner. Some are hit, some escape, but papa the revengeful is not far behind, and when that big brute appears, with his small eyes like sparks of flame, pursued by the noisy dogs, the work grows serious: wounded and at bay he turns savagely upon his foes, and his gleaming tusks rip and tear with terrible effect upon such of the dogs as are daring enough to tackle him, until shot after shot tells upon his strength, and at last, with a cry of pain that is almost a shriek, his last leap is given, and he rolls over dead.

MESSRS. C. J. E. and J. P. WETHERBY, of 6, Old Burlington-street, have written on the subject of "Turf Forfeits," to the Editor of the *Standard*, as follows:—"Sir,—We are not in the habit of answering anonymous letters, but as that of your correspondent 'Sport,' which appeared in your issue of the 1st inst., might lead to some misconception, we are induced to point out the error of his suppositions. He imputes to us, that being obliged by no rule to publish the list of unclaimed moneys in our hands, which he assumes to amount to a considerable sum, we take no steps to ascertain to whom they are rightly due. To begin with, the rule requiring all forfeits published in the Forfeit List to be paid directly to us only dates from 1872, and as immediately a forfeit is paid it is announced in the *Racing Calendar*, and, as a rule, copied into most of the sporting papers, there is not much chance of these forfeits remaining unclaimed, a proof of which is, that for a period extending over thirty years the amount in our hands at the close of last year was under £150. The reason why these forfeits are sometimes unclaimed is that the notice of their payment is often accompanied by a request that they might be applied to forfeits which, on the other hand, are due from the person to whom these arrears are payable. If your correspondent 'Sport,' will favour us with his name and address, we shall be very happy to inform him if there are any forfeits due to him or from him." Further comments will be found in Turfiana.

THE Birmingham Cattle Show was opened at Bingley Hall on Saturday. The total amount of prizes for the present, the twenty-ninth annual exhibition, reaches £3,236 against £2,955 in 1876. In the classes for cattle, sheep, and pigs there are about 250 entries, and in point of quality the stock exhibited is of a high order.

A JEW MERCHANT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

WE have here a Jew merchant of an earlier age, who comes laden with the rich spoils of many a far land, to the hall of some grand prince or noble of the middle ages. Servile and obsequious, the Jew abases himself, with a fawning meekness, bred of doubt and fear to that great man on the dais, who, in one of the intervals of war, has been making merry with his noble lady, or playing with her at chess, or listening to his poet-minstrel's thrilling ballads of love and battle. It is a great event this visit, and all the noble household are astir with wonder and delight.

In those rude old times, when the foremost lights of civilisation flashed out so brilliantly from the black and mystic depths of

long-lingering barbarism, the life of a merchant-trader was such a stirring one of adventure and romance, that now-a-days it is difficult to realise it. Then England was for the most part a wilderness of forest and marsh; then neighbouring towns and villages were isolated by wintry weather for long and dreary months, and the inhabitants of lonely castles and moat-protected farm houses, had to salt down their provisions to live upon them a considerable portion of the year, as sailors do at sea. Then wild and savage beasts abounded in the huge primeval forests, which swallowed up whole counties and spread over the entire land, sheltering from pursuit and capture bands of desperate outlawed men, to whom mules and pack-horses conveying, tediously and by short stages, merchandise to the great fairs or

markets, would indeed be a tempting opportunity. Then roads were like sheep tracks, and fords, which had the place of bridges, were sought at the cost of many a wearisome and dangerous out-of-the-direct-way march, with pikes and bows in readiness and hands on the hilts of swords. Then the merchant crept cautiously along by secret ways to escape the strongholds of robber knights, with whom might was right; and with whom the law was too weak to grapple. Such were the dangers of wandering merchants in the olden times.

The "Wandering" Jew had even then long been associated with commerce. We know how Abraham dealt with a merchant for the burial place of Sarah, and how the great merchant prince of Egypt, Joseph, was once a captive Jew. Solomon the Wise



THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—No. 2. THE BOX-KEEPER.

"Who fought the *boxkeeper*—who would not admit
The use of the small silver threepenny-bit."

was himself the great patron of wandering merchants, and organised a fleet of Jewish traders, bearing "gold and silver, and ivory, and apes, and peacocks" to Tarshish, a name by which was probably meant the land we now call Spain. Jewish caravans conveyed merchandise to Egypt and Arabia when Britain was peopled by a race of savages. The wandering Jewish merchants thronged the streets of ancient Alexandria, and were "famous for their egregious cunning in trade, and in the practice of brokerage." In Venice, and the other great trading cities of Italy the Wandering Jews were prominent as merchants and traders, and there, although condemned and persecuted, many a

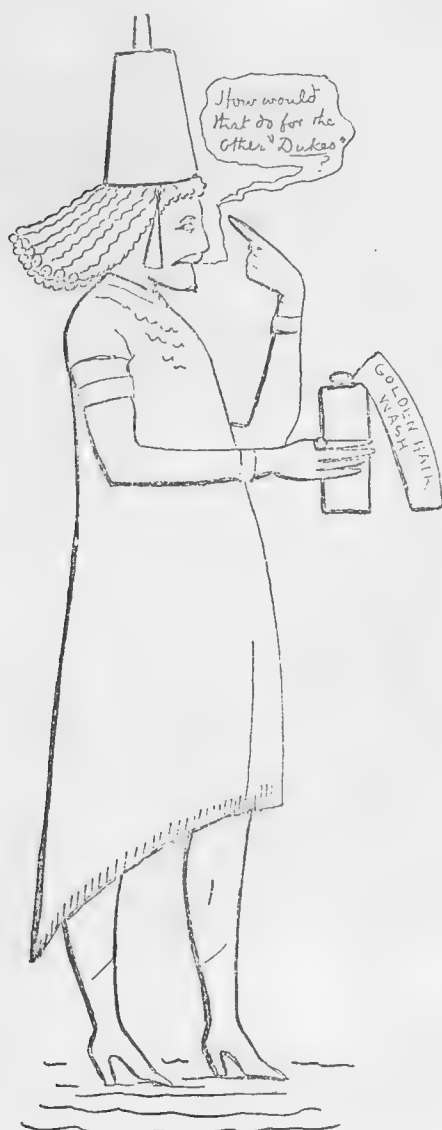
Shylock grew rich by money advanced on interest to its princely merchants. The Wandering Jewish merchants traded with the Anglo-Saxons, and when William the Conqueror came he brought in his mighty train many a wealthy Jewish merchant. William Rufus was one of the Jewish merchants' best friends, and entire colonies of such merchants settled in the towns along the eastern coast of England, from which their traffic with the Continent was regularly conducted over seas thronged with pirates. But we are leaving the picture on another page which it is our present business to introduce, too far behind, and now must leave the reader to return to it.

MR. DAVID MCKAY, acting manager and treasurer, Vaudeville Theatre, takes his annual benefit at that popular house on Wednesday morning next, when *The Road to Ruin* will be played by a remarkably powerful company.

WE are given to understand Mr. J. A. Cave will not play in his forthcoming pantomime at the Aquarium Theatre this season. Those who remember his admirable rendering of Lubin Lubberkin, the spoilt boy, an admirable piece of grotesque acting, will regret this. We may be sure, however, that Mr. Cave will compensate for his personal absence from the cast by his skill and energy in the production of the pantomime.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

LONDON playgoers are strangely indifferent to the classic and legitimate drama. And it seems, at first thought, somewhat inconsistent that a great commercial centre like Manchester should



Sardanapalus.

elect to especially foster those loftier branches of dramatic art, which the metropolis, comparatively speaking, neglects.

The fact, however, remains, that it is not the cities possessing ancient artistic and literary traditions, such as London, Edinburgh, Dublin, that are in our day identified with the production

Miss Gainsborough
as a Greek Slave -
(not Storey)

of the great masterpieces of our national drama. The successive representations of Shakspearean works, mounted with absolute completeness in all respects, upon the stage of the Prince's Theatre in Manchester, have made that house conspicuous throughout the world. And indeed, if any English theatre can lay claim to the title of national, it is this one. In my mind, one

of the greatest merits of the classical revivals at the Prince's has been, that the plays were always produced distinctively for their own sake, and not because the talents of any individual "star" actor were sought to be unduly emphasised and brought into prominence at the expense of others.

Not only the works of the "divine William," but also certain ambitious plays of my Lord Byron, have been brought out at the Prince's, with pomp and magnificence almost overpowering. And the Calvert version of *Sardanapalus*, after brilliantly succeeding in Manchester, edifying also the playgoers of many other provincial towns, has at last been thought worthy to be presented to a London audience, and is now installed at that lugubrious, and hitherto unfortunate, temple of the drama, the Duke's Theatre in Holborn.

Whether *Sardanapalus*, aided by the attraction of popular prices, will be able to remove from the Duke's that damp cloud of failure that has up to the present been a funeral pall over the fortunes of the various managers who have essayed to make the house popular, is of course impossible to determine. The unusual manner in which the play is placed upon the stage, renders it a performance worth going to see, if even the poet's name did not constitute a legitimate attraction. Lord Byron affected in his dramatic works not to write for stage representation. It was a pity he should have done so, because his genius in this direction was, it seems to me, essentially theatrical. He had, perhaps unconsciously, a keen eye for scenic effect, quite as much from the scene-painter's as from the poet's point of view. His dramatic dialogue, too, is couched in a rhetorical style, designed for spouting. I venture to think if his misanthropic lordship had not exiled himself from his native London, he would have soon disabused his



"The Medea who aspires to the throne"

mind of the nonsense which he talked about the "unities," and "writing only for the closet," &c.; and bequeathed to the stage a good many sound acting dramas.

Sardanapalus, as he has written it, certainly requires a considerable amount of re-arrangement and condensation. Yet not so much as most people would imagine. In its action it lends itself to the requirements of stage effect admirably, and is in reality a much better play to see acted than to read in solitude. The Manchester version is on the whole about as judicious as it could well be. It might have been wise altogether to have eliminated the royal voluptuary's wife from the plot altogether, beautifully as the character is drawn, because the juxtaposition of Zarina and Myrrha, the wife and the mistress, causes a confusion of sympathy that to an English audience is perplexing. The character of *Sardanapalus* himself is precisely of the sort Lord Byron in his later period delighted to depict. The utterly self-indulgent, indolent, capricious, albeit generous and magnanimous monarch, is a sort of mature development of the gloomy yet sentimental villains, the Laras and Corsairs of the poet's adolescent imagination. His profligacy is invested, too, with an easy magnificence, a splendour of luxurious cynicism that must make him a fascinating hero in the eyes of the present rising generation. *Sardanapalus* is what may be called a very good acting part. For stage purposes he has just a little too much to say on too many occasions. The scene where he wakes from uneasy sleep and relates his dream, though the student would be loth to spare a syllable, is too lengthy for stage delivery. It is possible, of course, that in the hands of a great actor, it would have no other effect save that of thrilling the spectator to his marrow. Ordinarily, however, and as it is played at the Duke's, it

becomes tedious midway in its course. I may here say what I have to say about Mr. Arthur Darley's impersonation of the character. As far as appearance is concerned this gentleman (who is, I believe, new to London) fits excellently into the luxurious stage pictures of which he is one of the central figures. He has studied his poses with a considerable degree of success, and looks the effeminate King passing well, albeit to be accurate, he ought to be as swarthy as Othello. This, however, is a point of not very vital consequence. For the rest, Mr. Darley's acting reminds me of the histrionic style of the ever to be remembered author of *Percy*, at the Globe. As Myrrha, Miss Gainsborough shared the faults of the hero by mouthing the blank verse in a vexatiously monotonous fashion. Mr. Henry Moxon is entrusted with the part of Salemenes. Salemenes is, perhaps, in some respects the

Beleses, the Soothsayer -
baying a few Sooths.

strongest character in the play. The actor makes but a commonplace preacher of him. Arbaces, the "Mede who aspired to the throne," talks and strides with melodramatic emphasis. Beleses, the Soothsayer, is also sufficiently portentous and might be dignified, did not his reverend make-up suggest irresistibly, some of the classical caricatures of French Opera Bouffé. Miss Emma Masson, as, Zarina the Queen, acts quietly and carefully, and the remaining parts do not call for particular praise or blame.

After all, *Sardanapalus*, in the Calvert version, is not allowed to depend very much on the actors for its effect. It is as a spectacular production it commands attention. And certainly in

Sketch in the Theatre
after final Tableau

this respect it ought to find favour with the pit and gallery. Such thunder and lightning, such simooms and siroccos have not swept their devastating course across a stage for a long time. But the crowning spectacle is the funeral pyre which *Sardanapalus* sets aflame. The pyre itself is not a very comprehensible piece of stage carpentry, and certainly at first the feeble sputtering squibs that sparkled dimly and expired, did not prepare me for the conflagration that ensued. I suppose the management are quite resigned to the possibility of the entire Duke's Theatre

being burnt down some evening or another in the progress of this operation. The flames I am sure must singe the hair upon the devoted heads of the members of the orchestra. Certain it is that when the play ends the entire house is so full of gunpowder smoke that the bewildered playgoer has to grope his way out of the theatre, guided only by his instinct. The excitement is novel, but scarcely pleasing to asthmatic old fogies like myself, and old ladies with a preternatural dread of fire.

P.S.—I have fallen into the error above of supposing that the Calvert version of *Sardanapalus* was produced at the Prince's Theatre, in Manchester. I find that it was the Theatre Royal of that City which owned the distinction of this very artistic and notable revival.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON.—*Twelfth Night* will, it is said, be produced at the Haymarket Theatre after Christmas, with Adelaide Neilson in the character of Viola.—The *Sportsman*, speaking of the lectures on the drama delivered by the Rev. J. Panton Ham, to which we have already called attention, tells us that Mr. Whymper has sent a circular letter to the principal London play actors, in which he says:—"Any brief anecdotes of professional life on the stage—of the troubles, struggles, or triumphs—the good deeds or peculiarities of actors will be welcome, and shall be duly acknowledged. May I beg you to spare half an hour in jotting down a few recollections at your earliest convenience, addressing me as above?" Mr. Whymper tells me that he has received several favourable replies, and I am glad to hear it. Theatrical stories are generally amusing, and it is to be regretted that so many perish for want of a universal Boswell. The best teller of theatrical stories I ever listened to is Mr. Odell. But, then, his manner is always good, if not better, than his matter, and that one cannot transfer to paper.—After the 26th instant, St. George's Hall, Langham-place, will be managed by Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—Ciprico has, it is rumoured, taken the Holborn Amphitheatre.—Miss Ada Cavendish will re-appear in London previous to her departure for America.—At her residence in the Albany-road, Camberwell, on the 20th ultimo, died Mrs. Wilson, who was once a famous equestrian actress at Astley's. Her age was 91.—The *West London Express* says:—"When a gentleman accused of a breach of the laws which, at least theoretically, govern good society, denies the imputation cast upon him, it is incumbent on that society to accept his vindication. Three weeks after Mr. Irving's speech at Edinburgh, to which we alluded in our last issue, he 'seeks an opportunity' of 'putting himself right' with the press. The question naturally suggests itself, Why was the denial so long delayed? It was not for lack of information, for the eminent actor chronicles his 'amazement' on seeing, the day after his speech was made, 'a serious, lengthy, and inaccurate report' of the same. It would have seemed the most natural thing for him to have at once published the vindication which he does not, in fact, make public till the whole press is ringing with the affair. The report of Mr. Irving's words was given by the leading London papers, in the first instance, with caution. It was not until persistent silence forced upon those most reluctant to think he could be guilty of a want of good taste and gentlemanlike feeling, the conviction that rumour had, in this instance, done him no wrong, that he was subjected to those severe strictures of which he now complains as unjust. If a man holds so lightly by his reputation that he is content to let it remain so long under a cloud, he has small ground for indignation when he finds the world taking him at his own (apparent) valuation."—The *Westminster Papers* says in its "Dramatic Notes":—"We make no excuse for recurring for a moment to the controversy between Church and Stage. The question is important. The echoes of the Croydon Congress and the newspaper correspondence following it have hardly died out, and as the opposing writers and speakers are usually violent partisans, there is some danger that gross inaccuracies may be accepted as facts, for want of unbiased testimony. Priests, parsons, and ministers, as a rule, know little or nothing about the Stage, the clearest reminiscences of those who are old being probably of Buckstone and Wright and the farces they used to act in, and the experience of the young being confined perhaps to Christmas Pantomime and its concomitant ballet girls. That ignorance or malice must exist in the breasts of the professors and partisans of the Church is evident from the accusation that the public taste of the day is given up to frivolity and indecency. A glance at the theatrical column of the *Times* will reveal to anybody who looks for himself the inaccuracy of these assertions. The Prince of Wales's, the Court, the Vaudeville, in different ways, perhaps the most popular of London theatres at the present time, each afford to the public a more wholesome entertainment than that provided at many churches. At Drury Lane, the Olympic, the Princess's, the Haymarket, the Queen's, there is nothing to shock the most fastidious, if at most of them there is nothing to please the intelligent. Out of the whole long list of London theatres only one occurs to us as being a place where the entertainment is demoralising to the ear, and perhaps two or three others where the dressing is unpalatable to the eye of the refined.—In fact, on the stage there is little that is harmful, though there is much that is dull.—Miss Ellen Terry was married to Mr. Charles Wardell at St. Philip's, South Kensington, on November 21st.—Mr. W. J. Hill commences his engagement at the Folly Theatre next week.—Miss Kate Field last Sunday evening gave her lecture on "Charles Dickens" at Sadlers Wells Theatre.—An adaptation of Sardou's *Patrie* is in preparation at the Queen's Theatre.—Mrs. Leigh Murray is engaged for the Olympic Theatre.—Mr. Alfred Cellier has been engaged as musical director for Covent Garden.—Miss Pattie Laverne has been engaged for the Alhambra.—Miss Blanche Henri is to return to the Haymarket.—*Dora* will be produced on the 12th inst. at the Prince of Wales's.—The part of Richard Cœur de Lion in *Isaac of York* at the Globe is now played by Miss Agnes Hewitt.—Mrs. Sarah Lane's annual benefit will take place at the Britannia on the 17th inst. We heartily wish she may, as she usually does, obtain her deserts—a bumper.—Apropos of Mr. Irving's letter in our last issue, "T. T." says in *Truth*:—"He would have done better, I think, to have stood to his guns, and to have explained that there are critics and critics. If he deserved the favourable criticisms that have appeared respecting him, he owed nothing to the critics, for they simply performed their duty, which was to tell the truth; if he did not deserve these criticisms, the critics proved the truth of his animadversions on them."

PROVINCIAL.—Mr. Buckstone, who was playing recently at Gloucester, took his farewell benefit there on Friday week, as Tony Lumpkin, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, after which he addressed the audience, thanking them for the liberal support they had ever bestowed upon him, and adding that though he must now say farewell to them, he should always pleasantly remember them and their good old city of Gloucester. The theatre was well filled by an appreciative audience who thoroughly enjoyed their old favourite's acting. Mr. Buckstone seemed to be heartier than usual. He was well supported by the Haymarket company.—

At Mr. Tom Roger's dramatic performance at Canterbury, of Nov. 22nd, in aid of the Convalescent Fund of the Dispensary, Miss Armytage, has been there known chiefly as an accomplished burlesque actress, made a bit as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*. It was her first appearance in that character, and it is said that she had never previously seen the play performed.—It is said that early in the new year Mr. Rogers will again give a performance, and with the *corps dramatique* he is gathering around him we may feel certain that whatever the piece selected it will be conscientiously and thoroughly performed.—It is said that Mr. Sims Reeves will sing two nights at Oldham, at Christmas, and that he is to receive for so doing, £180.—*Romeo and Juliet* was recently played at Birmingham, in the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and when Tybalt under the impression that the scene had closed upon him, rose and shook the dust from him, he was suddenly startled by a roar of laughter, and raised his eyes only to perceive that he was still before the audience.—A writer in our provincial contemporary, *The Athletic News*, remarks concerning the Manchester Stage Reform Association, upon which, in this column, we have already commented, says:—"I see a Dramatic Reform Association has been started by Mr. John Stewart Bogg, of Bowdon. Who Mr. John Stewart Bogg may be is to me a mystery. Doubtless he means well, and he certainly has obtained what appears to me an abnormal degree of publicity for his scheme. The papers have noticed it, and Mr. Gladstone, as a matter of course, has replied to the circular sent him and expressed his approval of the scheme. Mr. Charles Calvert, Mr. Henry Irving, the Bishop of Manchester, Mr. Charles Reade, Professor Ward, Canon Toole, Monsignor Capel, and other celebrities have also condescended to notice the project. But I am sadly afraid the Dramatic Reform Association is not destined to exercise any great influence upon the drama. Anybody, it seems, can become a Dramatic Reformer for the modest sum of two-and-sixpence per year, or little more than a half-penny a week, and at that rate there should be no lack of members of the new association. In fact, I don't see why everybody should not subscribe their half-crown per annum, in which case we should all be where we started, and possibly find it necessary to establish an association to reform the Dramatic Reform Association. Mr. Bogg, who is, I suppose, the Association at present, proposes, when enough half-crowns have been subscribed, to subsidise the theatre, or, in other words, to bribe managers to bring out a reformed drama. Managers have an obstinate preference for producing pieces which they think will pay—at least those managers who have to stand the racket themselves—and they would naturally be rather particular about indemnification if they brought out dull pieces, at the instigation of the Association, which did not pay. But here lies the point. If a play pleases the public it will prove a success, and the theatre will not require subsidising; whereas, if a play does not please the public, the public will stop away, and not all the subsidising in the world will induce people to go to see a piece they don't care about. What, therefore, would be the use of playing subsidised pieces to empty benches? Mr. Bogg's reform scheme, it is stated, has given rise to some discussion, resulting in the modification of the original plan. The amended proposals have since been submitted to the Manchester Literary Club for approval. That august body objected to the two cardinal points of the scheme—to wit, the subsidising of theatres, and the constitution of a committee of taste, the said committee being intended to decide upon what works should or should not be performed. 'It is not improbable,' says the report from which I quote—'that both these points will be dropped out of the scheme.' It strikes me that if the Dramatic Reform Association is going to delete its programme in accordance with every suggestion it receives, it will soon have no programme at all to go before the country with.—The Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Marlborough having witnessed the acting of Mr. Irving, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, personally congratulated him upon his success after the performance.—"The Windsor Strollers" gave the last of their annual performances at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, last week.—A "Leeds Shakespeare Society" is being organised by Professor F. S. Pulling, of the Yorkshire College, in that town.—Mr. Irving's provincial tour will close on the 22nd.—Mr. G. Honey is expected in the provinces with *Engaged*.—A dramatic version of Nicholas Nickleby has been produced at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth.—At the Royal Opera House, Leicester, Miss Ada Cavendish has been awakening the admiration and interest of delighted audiences as Miss Gwilt.—At the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, a son of the late proprietor having declined to assume its management, negotiations are pending for its purchase, and rumour names Mr. John Hollingshead, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Carl Rosa, and Mr. J. L. Toole as candidates for its possession.

FOREIGN.—According to a contemporary, Mr. Alwyn Maude is to appear as a "star" from the London stage at Brussels, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.—A four-act drama by Signor Giacosa has been produced in Milan by the Belotti-Bon Company with great success. It is called *Il Fratello d'Armi*, and the Bona de Soana in the part of Signora Virginia Marini has created quite a sensation in it.—At the Dal Verme Theatre (Milan), *Ermensee*, a new ballet by Signor Marenco has proved a hit. *Lina* is the name of a new opera successfully produced at the same house.—A new theatre is on the eve of being opened in San Francisco for the Chinese playgoers, to be conducted on Chinese principles.—*Le Bonhomme Misère*, by MM. Ernest d'Herville and Grévin, is in preparation for the Odéon (Paris).—MM. Hennequin and Milland have produced for the Varieties (Paris) a new comedy called *Niniche*.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

By HAL LOUTHER.

"Now, gents, please to encourage the performance!" and the mountebank held his greasy, bandless hat, jingling a few coppers in the face of a crowd which gathered round him like a human girdle. His entreaties to "encourage the performance" were coughed out in a husky kind of voice, from which all trace of natural tone had long been choked. In the centre of this ring of frost-bitten faces was a fair-haired boy, slightly limbed, like a weak and delicate girl. He was stretched on a piece of ragged carpet, writhing himself through a small hoop and balancing a glass of water on his pale and careworn brow. The husky voice became more husky still to have the "performance properly encouraged." Here and there a few rough and brawny hands dropped a small coin into the hat. How the poor fellow sighed as he gathered the miserable pittance with his skinny fingers. The performance was over. The icy circle thawed and rapidly melted away, while the poor boy shivered himself into the corpse of a coat in its last stage of decay.

Leaning against the market statue, as if they had instinctively sought shelter at the feet of one who when alive flashed his genius through the land in defence of the poor man's rights, stood the poor tumbler, spiritless and broken down. The boy's pinched and poverty-stricken features peeped out from the depths of his greasy collar—oh, so yearningly—at the passing throng. The man glanced sadly round, and found no ray of hope to cheer him up. Care was riding rough-shod o'er his heart, and his painted face could not conceal the agony of blank despair—that poor withered face, coated with colours, grotesquely-shaped, that

seemed to grin and laugh at the deepening ruts which wrinkled his hollow cheeks. Poor wretches! Yet all about was ripe and bright with Christmas cheer. The breeze capered and sported about till, giddy with fun, it playfully whirled patches of snow from ledge and roof, suddenly dropping its chilly burden in the neck of some unwary passer-by, then, shrieking with laughter, fairly danced away. The gaslight, wide awake and fully up to time, blazed its brightest holiday glare, and twisted and twined its little tongues of light till they greeted them on every side with "Merry Christmas." Clusters of glistening holly peeped in bright green smiles, with merry Christmas beaming in their round, red-berry eyes. The windows flashed and sparkled their New Year dainties, and grinned across at the hungry pair; the very houses, crested with crispy snow and laced with star-light, seemed in cold and haughty pride to wish them the season's compliments in blind unconsciousness of the bitter mockery. Happy crowds went smiling past, safely barricaded with inner joy from the besieging cold. Friends met, and kind inquiries mounted to each other's lips; quarrels were cemented, broken links new rivetted, feuds and animosities faded with the dying year, and found a fitting burial-place in the sepulchre of time. But amidst all this happiness was one poor woman searching about with hungry looks, when suddenly her glance lighted on the mountebanks.

She stopped in her cheapening tour for the ghost of a Christmas dinner, looked full at the crouching lad, then stealing softly to his side, pressed a halfpenny in his hand; and with a thought of her own poor boy lying cold and dead in the damp churchyard, she whispered a faint "God help ye!" and was lost in the whirling din.

"Come, Jim, let us start."

"Start, father, where?"

"Home."

"Home!" gasped the boy; "why 'tis over twenty miles."

"There's nothing else for it lad, so the sooner we start the better. We shall only starve here. I know the way, and the villages to pass through; it's not late yet, and some of the public-houses are sure to be open, and we might do a pitch. If not, we must tramp all night. We shall only be home the sooner to Jackey and Mother and Nan. What say ye, lad? Can you manage it?" and the father looked down with a sickly smile; and the boy looking up, caught a gleam of that ghastly hope, and bravely answered—

"Yes, father, home."

"Home!" mocked the chimes, as they caught the word, and wildly tossed it from bell to bell. "Home!" boomed a deep-chested voice, the pride of the peal. "Home!" shrieked a treble tone, that seemed feeble and faint with age; and "Home!" "Home!" was rapped from each iron tongue with battledore glee, and derisively tossed in the air, till at last it fell back on the poor boy's heart, crushed and dead, like the ghost of a murdered joy.

On through the crowds, pitiless now in their selfish joy; on through the cold hard streets; on past the drowsy houses, whose windows wink in their ruddy joy. Gather the folds of your patchy robes more closely round, for the rising wind will keenly search for and seize any contraband comfort smuggled there; on through the clotted road, where the country spreads like one white shroud o'er sheeted dead; on past the crags, with their hoods and beards of snow; on while the sky will lend its glittering lamps; on—on—but oh! not to the home where Jackey and Mother and Nan are dreaming of you.

How bravely they trudged along till they reached one of the villages to which his father had pinned his faith for food and rest; but oh how soon the light in their lantern of hope died out as they found their presence there regarded as an unbidden spectre at the feast. Dark looks, scared faces, shrinking forms and brutal words greeted them on every hand. Turn where they would, the voice of poverty pleaded in vain; charity was dead and grim; suspicion, with its puckered up visage, voted the mountebank pair ungodly vagrants. Even parochial dignity, dragged from the yule log's genial glow, sheltered its stony heart behind fettered forms.

"Like their tramping impudence, indeed, the mountebank scarecrows! Let them come at the proper time, or seek their own parish, and there compel relief."

Go, then, miserable outcasts, resume your weary pilgrimage and seek your own parish, for the door of every heart is closed against you; but the shadow of those departing forms fell like a shroud around that dying mirth, and many a heart to this day chills when the drum and husky pipes are heard.

Once more on the white mantled moors—alone—deserted by man, forgotten, it seemed, by Heaven. The winds, hitherto snarling only amongst themselves, now made common cause against those defenceless, trembling wretches, and twining them round with airy arms, wrestled them wildly to and fro. The frosted trees, like shrivelled witches rooted to the earth, tossed and shook their skeleton arms, mad with impotent fury. Still the father onward stumbles through the moor, the boy now in his arms, and clinging to his neck. Quick, for threatening clouds come hurrying on, hiding the face of heaven with deepest gloom. All in vain. The air is now a world of blinding flakes. Thicker and thicker they fall, till at last the helpless wanderers sink beneath the storm, fondly clasped in each other's arms. Oh, God! lost in a sea of frozen foam. The strong man melts into earnest prayer, and closer they creep in that locked embrace. A smile parts the lips of that perishing boy, and that smile sheds a light which peeps through the dreams of Jackey and Mother and Nan. Sleep has numbed all sense of pain; smile and prayer are iced to their lips, for death has stolen to the heart of that soothing slumber. The snow falls thicker and thicker, yet showering its kisses on the sleeping dead. The broad flakes are covering them quickly up, as if invisible birds were lapping them round with frosted leaves. Their weary souls have found a home at last. Our heavenly overseer has stooped from his golden gates, and lifted them up to the parish of God—there to obtain abundant and eternal relief.

Christmas Day, the storm has passed, and daylight comes again richly winged with bracing health, the sharp air teeming with waves of breath so keen and pure, that it stirs the sluggish blood, and sends it rippling through the veins in thrilling glee. The village belfry throbs with peals of music, gladdening our hearts with sober joy, and all our better nature mounting upwards, smiles through the peace and good will beaming around. Stay; what poor fantastic wretchedness comes hither on that hurdle borne? Dead? Perished in the last night's storm? How swiftly the news has flown. Mothers and sisters press to scan the lifeless forms, then with clasped hands and upturned eyes thank God no blood of theirs lies frozen there. Poor unclaimed mortals, 'tis little now of charity you seek—the shelter of the grave. Fear not to touch their outcast bones; death has purified them. Strip from their forms that tinsel motley, cleanse from those hollow cheeks that ghastly mockery, and you shall find God's own likeness imaged in that human clay. Let their bones be laid in hallowed ground, and a Christian prayer o'er the strangers be read.

The bells ring gladly as ever, the day as brightly smiles, but the wail of a widowed heart goes up from afar, and a sob like an echo dies as a stricken woman strains in her yearning clasp two little weeping forms, and their heads are wet with that mother's tears as they cry in vain for Dada and Jim. The hot tears faster fall as their blending shadows kneel by the side of two mountebank dresses that seem to whisper this message from the dead—"God help Jackey and Mother and Nan."

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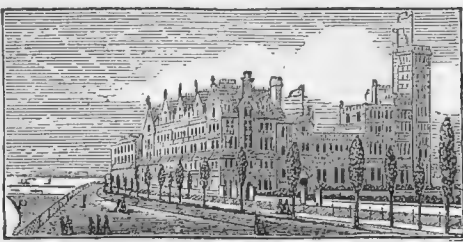
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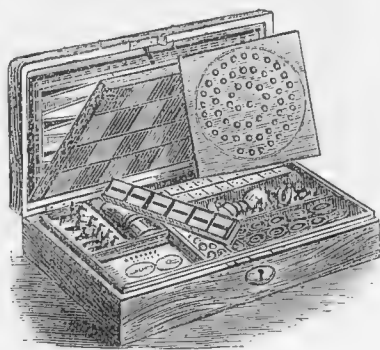


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and this ESTABLISHMENT will be CLOSED from
Saturday, December 22nd, until Thursday, December
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the following Saturday.

W. & S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

(HORSE AUCTIONS continued on page 279.)

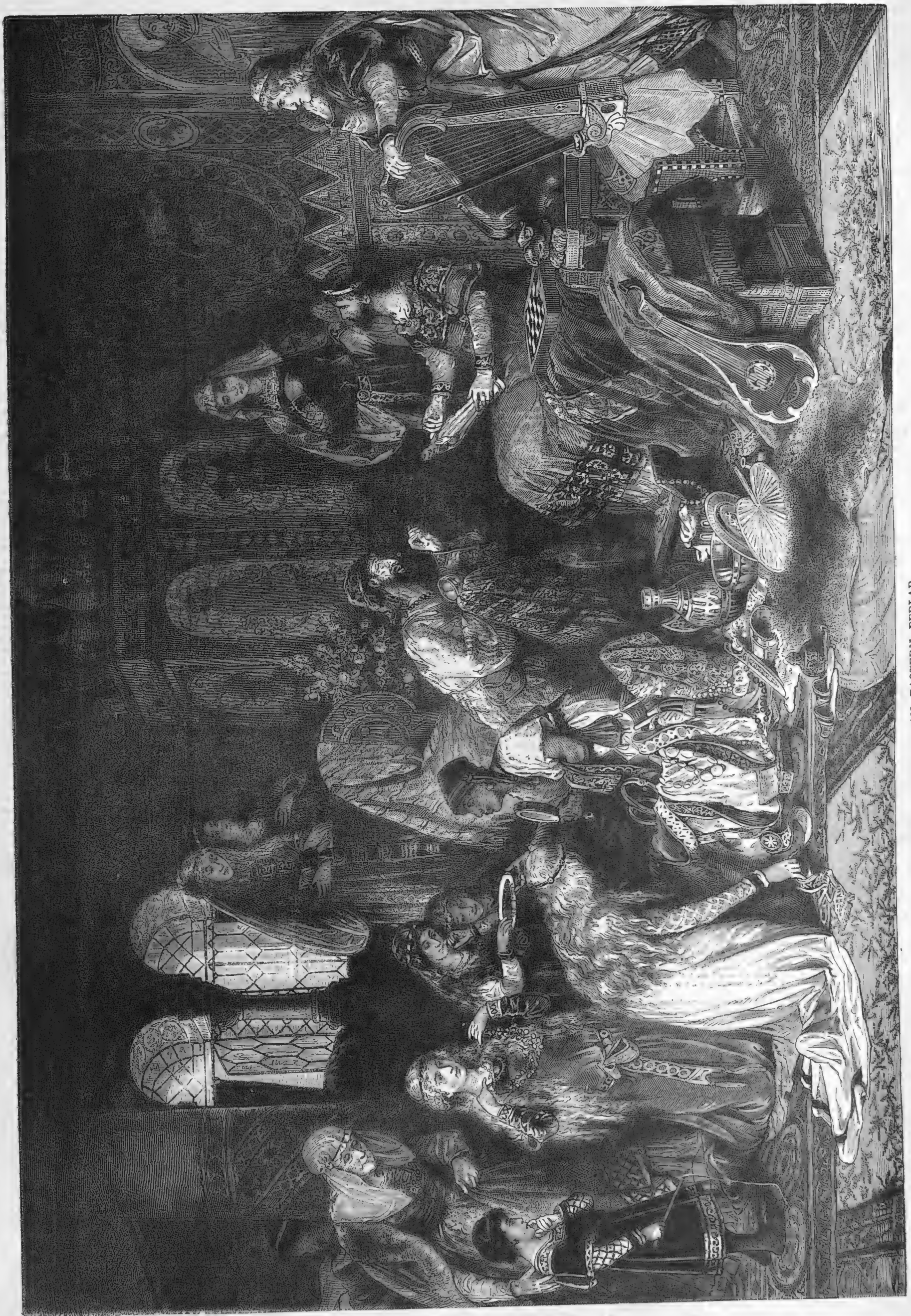
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December 8, 1877.



AN EASTERN PEDLAR.

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All Communications intended for insertion in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

G. C.—No, of Edmund Kean, who was at the time performing in the United States, we forget where. The story goes that at the end of the third, not the first, act, he said to the manager, "I can't go on again if the pit keeps its hands in his pockets." Such an audience would extinguish Etna." It is said, moreover, that on hearing this the manager "went on," and, addressing the audience, requested them to applaud, as Mr. Kean had been used to applause in England, and received their silence as a token of disapprobation. When Kean next appeared, loud clapping from all parts of the house relieved his mind, although not a few sneered at the vanity of the Britisher.

W. M. M.—The lines addressed to John Reeve were published in 1836, in one of the Magazines. We think it was the *New Monthly*, and the verses you lack, run as follows:—

"But know you how to brew it, John—
An art that all should know—
As we were wont to do it, John,
Some thirteen years ago?
Sir Morgan have you read, John,
The Knight of whim and glee?
And ponder'd what he said, John,
His—glorious recipe?

Let your fruit be efficacious, John,
Your water hissing hot;
Your jug the most capacious, John,
That you, or yours have got;
Of sugar give enough, John,
Of spirits all your store;
And you'll brew such goodly stuff, John,
Was never brew'd before.

Take with you ere we part, John,
(I leave you with regret),
The warm wish of a heart, John,
That ne'er dissembled yet;
May you and I get still, John,
As drunk as we would be.
And those who wish us well, John,
May get as drunk as we."

H. EVANS.—Sheridan's *School for Scandal* has been played in both countries and also in Russia, where it is a stock piece.

R. F.—We have already given a portrait and memoir of Mrs. Mountain. She made her first appearance as Miss Wilkinson, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, in 1782, and at Covent Garden in 1786. Her husband was a musician of considerable repute. She retired from the stage in 1815, and died on July 3rd, 1841.

ANGLO-PARISIAN.—Mlle. Hyppolite Boutet Mars was born in 1778, and made her first appearance in 1793. She was the daughter of an actor named Mouvel; retired from the stage in April, 1841 and died in 1848.

HAMLET.—(1) *Glory*, a serio-comic drama in one act, was produced at the Charing-cross Theatre, on June 16th, 1873. It was written by H. P. Grattan. (2) Mr. J. C. Woodford died in the December of the same year.

B. J.—*The Wife of Mantua*, by Sheridan Knowles, was published in 1833. The first play this author produced was *Virginian*.

A. MORGAN.—From "Philological Enquiries," by James Harris.

WESTMINSTER.—Miss Chambers, the banker's daughter, made her appearance at the Queen's Theatre, in the part of Lady Teazle, in May, 1832.

It was said that her father's extreme poverty was the occasion of her seeking the stage for a profession.

MUSICAL.

J. G. H.—The music of the piece you name is out of print. You might obtain a copy of the entire work by employing some person to transcribe the original, which is probably to be found in the British Museum.

H. L. (Bow).—The air of "Home, Sweet Home," is generally ascribed to Sir Henry Bishop; but it has been contended that he derived it from an old collection of Sicilian melodies. Webbe's glee, "In death's terrific icy arms," may most probably be obtained of Lonsdale and Co., Bond-street, W.; or of Novello and Co., Berners-street, W.

LOUIS, J. (Peckham).—Shield was appointed the successor of Sir William Parsons, as Master of the King's Musicians, in the year 1872. The appointment was not solicited by him, but was conferred by the Prince Regent as a mark of personal esteem for, and admiration of, the composer. It would be painful to many innocent persons now living if we were to give all the particulars you ask for respecting E. T. D. He was a partner in a large London brewery, and sank £100,000 in a very short time in operative speculations. Although he was so weak as to become the ready dupe of designing persons, his honour was kept unstained, and he was both pitied and respected. Directly he became an operative manager, his partners in the brewery gazetted him out of the partnership.

T. R.—The Musical Association for the investigation and discussion of subjects connected with the Art and Science of Music, was founded on May 29th, 1874. The proceedings are regularly published by Messrs. Chappell and Co., of New Bond-street.

SPORTING.

ROUND ARM.—Mr. Budd, the famous cricketer, was an intimate friend of the banker Fauntleroy, who was hanged for forgery. He it was who proffered the turnkey eight hundred pounds to assist in securing the condemned man's escape, and afterwards planned a rescue, in which he had a narrow escape of being shot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Z.—Dr. John Jamieson, author of "The Scottish Dictionary," was born in Glasgow on March 3rd, 1759, and died on January 12th, 1838.

A. B. S.—The Polytechnic Institution was first opened to the public in August, 1830.

ARTHUR P.—The punishment of the Pillory was not abolished in this country before June 30th, 1837.

C. C. C.—The lady was born on April 25th, 1814.

K.—Henry is said to be a name of German origin, being derived from Heinrich (Home Ruler) although we get it from the Norman-French.

T. M.—Thackeray was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery on the last day but one of December, 1863, and the late Charles Dickens was present at his funeral.

S. C. E. F.—You will find in Gosse's "Romance of Natural History" a full account of the evidence by which the existence of great sea-serpents is supposed to be proved. But the evidence on the other side is, we think, stronger.

S. C. G.—Siberia was conquered by Ivan IV. Moscow was taken by the Poles in the reign of Fedor, and Kieff remained in the possession of Poland until 1667.

B. EGERTON.—William Dufton, the author of "Practical Billiards."

DOUBTFUL.—A broken heart is not the fiction you suppose it to be. Death frequently takes place from a literal breaking of the heart, in consequence of some great exertion, or under the terrible influence of violent anger, or emotion, when the heart is either ruptured, or paralysed, and ceases to act.

SOMEONE.—Sarah Rachel Levison, better known as Madame Rachel, was committed for trial by Mr. Knox, the Marlborough-street magistrate, June 23rd, 1868. The jury found a true bill against her July 7th, and her trial, postponed till the August Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, commenced August 20th. She was found guilty, after a trial of five days duration, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. The Attorney-General subsequently granted his fiat for a writ of error in the case, upon the ground that the court before which Madame Rachel was tried was not properly constituted, and she was liberated on December 22nd, on her own recognisances and those of two sureties, pending the judgment on the point raised. She survived her punishment and is, we are told, still living.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1877.

THE annual return of "winning owners on the flat" now before us, invariably forms an interesting item of racing statistics; for though we may be unable by its means to gauge the prosperity of the Turf, we can, by reference to similar tables compiled in previous years, form some estimate of the comparative progress or decline of followers of the sport. But we would warn our readers against instituting comparisons between the most successful owners of the present day and those of twenty years ago; for it is obvious that stakes have increased enormously both in number and value since the era when the great races of the year stood out in bold relief against the minor contests with which men were fain to content themselves in less stirring times. Now, although the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, as well as the Two and One Thousand Guineas, continue to hold their own as events of importance in the racing season, so far as money value is concerned, they are standing still, while newer foundations are gradually rising to their level; and no department has been making more rapid strides in the direction of increased value than that of handicaps, to which additions are made of a princely nature, though a better class of animals may not thereby be attracted to compete for their possession. The racing population may be described as a very shifting one, but it will be found that its oldest and most constant supporters are almost invariably to be found at the head of the list of "winning owners," and though on occasions stars may suddenly arise and blaze for a season, the occurrence of such rockets is but rare, and the chief prizes generally fall to the lot of those who best deserve them. But we would warn our readers most emphatically against the delusion that these figures set before them are evidence of anything more than bare results of the reckoning up of the credit side in the books of Messrs. Weatherby. This flattering aspect of the picture we are permitted to behold, but the balance on the opposite page is known to those alone who are concerned with the settlement of their annual account with the Burlington-street authorities. We view, as it were, the romantic phase of racing, adorned with all the gold and bright colouring suggested by success, and we may dream of fortunes to be made and Eldorados to be realised in a pursuit which presents so many apparent charms to outsiders. Did we take the trouble, from figures available to all of us, to compute the expense and losses incurred even in the most fortunate and well managed stables, a vast deal of the gilt would, in vulgar parlance, have to come off the gingerbread, and much apparent glitter would have to be discounted. It will be, however, sufficient for us here to discuss the "ring" aspect of the question, and to notice only the leading names in that long list which records the distribution of fortune's favours during the season just concluded. Lord Falmouth's name has long been in everybody's mouth as the most remarkably successful

sportsman of his age, and this year may be said to have crowned the edifice of his good fortune by placing a sum of no less than £34,378 to the credit of his account. The names of his "cracks" by means of which this immense sum has been accumulated, will be familiar as household words to most of us, and we need only remark that while the chief employer of labour at Heath House towers high above his fellows as a winner, its director is first upon the list of trainers who have done well by their masters, and its head jockey, Fred Archer, has distanced all his competitors, not only in respect of the number of races won, but also as regards their importance in a monetary point of view. Count Lagrange, first on last year's list, runs a fair second to Lord Falmouth in 1877, the instigator of the great "reciprocity question" having topped his most dreaded opponent by over £20,000, so that it is to be hoped we shall hear no more, at least for some time to come, of the protection of British racing interests, by a policy of excluding foreigners from sharing our prizes. Had not Chamant given way before the Derby, we should have found Count Lagrange more than a few hundred pounds ahead of Lord Lonsdale, who, it may be noted, is actually ahead of Lord Falmouth in the number of races won, and he comes of a school, the pupils of which run the entire gamut of racing, so to speak, from selling races to Sellingers, from £50 plates to cups and other great weight for age races. If Lord Lonsdale has done well, Lord Hartington may be said to have done better, for with a far smaller stable he has pulled together over £10,000, and looks very much like "training on" into one of our leading men on the Turf, while a most experienced mentor is at hand to see that he does not get out of the proper groove. Close up with the leader of the Opposition is another capital sportsman, Mr. Houldsworth, who has slowly but surely been working his way up the ladder of racing success for some years past, and seems likely to hold his own to the end. Without confederates, wet-nurses, or wire-pullers, he has marked out for himself a course, and propounded a policy, which experience shows to be most conducive to success in the long run, while his stable management is worthy of imitation by turfites of older standing, though he is perhaps rather too indulgent in the matter of sparing his horses. At a rather longer interval we find that plucky purchaser, Mr. F. Gretton, credited with £7,780, an amount perhaps hardly commensurate with his lavish outlay, but still sufficient to give him encouragement to proceed; and there can be no doubt of John Porter's ability to give a good account of his pupils, provided only the material placed under his charge be good enough. Placida has placed Mr. "Pulteney" seventh on the list with a grand total of £7,271, and it is not often that we find a "great unknown" so high upon the return of winning owners; but he might just as well drop the mask now, for to have won the Oaks generally makes the lucky individual sufficiently a man of mark to put off his flimsy disguise. The Duke of Westminster is little more than a beginner, and we trust that all his "good luck" is to come, though it must be admitted that his £6,180 will go some way towards "taking the sting" out of his account at Russley, and it is some consolation to know that his grace is well able to afford the luxury of a racing establishment. Lord Rosebery knows his way about the Turf sufficiently well to take very good care of his interests, and though, as a shrewd Scot, he may possibly regard his £6,135 as only a partial set off against his expenses at Ilsey, he may comfort himself with the assurance that after all it is a snug little sum, and that things "might have been worse." Robert Peck heads the list of "winning trainers" with the comfortable "tottle" of £5,750, which will keep him in coals and candles during the recess, and certain of his brethren of the craft should not winter badly, seeing that Tom Jennings has amassed £4,885 to go on farming with; while his neighbour, Joe Dawson, nets £3,154, and may live at home at ease for the next few months. Harking back, we find Mr. R. C. Vyner "sandwiched" between Messrs. Peck and Jennings with close upon £5,000 as his share of winnings in 1877, when he has had no "crack" to help him along; and the Duke of Hamilton's 18 races have mounted up to £4,801—not a bad year's work, considering that his grace has more second class horses than first-raters under Blanton's charge.

Mr. Mitchell Innes has been fortunate enough to nett an average of £1,000 per race, thanks to Glen-Arthur; and Mr. Charles Bush creditably represents the goodly fellowship of fielders with a winning score of £3,814; and the little fish must have been sweet indeed, for it has taken no less than twenty-two races to pull this amount together. Lord Wilton is never left "out in the cold," and Wadlow has placed £3,755 to his credit, mainly by the aid of Footstep and Cradle, two useful young See-Saws; while the Duke of Montrose shows up for the first time among such good company with £3,720, a result mainly due to Hopbloom, but helped on by some other useful ones under Goddard's care. Next come two of the Northern division, a novice and veteran; and while Beauclerc has brought Mr. Perkins's name into repute, which may be swelled to notoriety next June; Mr. Jardine has had a better year than usual, and Bates has some capital stuff to work upon at Middleham, whence another Derby winner may hail ere long. Lord Anglesey's racing revival has resulted in producing the very respectable sum of £3,455, and may his lordship go on and prosper; a wish all of us must echo in the case of Mr. Sterling Crawford, one of our pluckiest, but yet unluckiest, buyers and bettors. Ersilia has done Mr. "Ellerton" a good turn, and to Hampton does Mr. Hobson owe his position in the list, which we need not notice any further in detail, but will proceed to make a few remarks in passing on its most noticeable features. Among those who may be said to have done fairly well are Messrs. Alexander, Ansley, A. Baltazzi, Prince Batthyany, Lords Kesteven and Lascelles, Capt. Prime, the Duke of St. Albans, Prince Soltykoff, Lord Stamford, and Lord Zetland, and altogether it will be found that most of our best known sportsmen have had their share of luck, few of any note having failed to run into four figures.

DAYLIGHT IN WAREHOUSES.—Chappuis' Reflectors.—69, Fleet-street.—[Advrt.]

RUMINANTÆ.

An order of ruminants, human in kind,
Which Cuvier omitted to mention,
Is one that a moral observer will find
To exercise much his contemplative mind,
As for some unaccountable purpose designed,
Should he give the affair his attention.

A cud-chewing type of the children of men
Is one who, possessed by a crotchet,
Keeps mousing his wisdom again and again,
While he treats the whole world as a child under ten,
And if dealing with sense, as he may, now and then,
Is morally certain to botch it.

The man who returns to his joke of last week,
And chews it much more than twice over,
Belongs to a tribe that you won't find unique,
All over the world if examples you seek,
In any known language, from Gaelic to Greek;
Though you hardly need go beyond Dover.

But the wretch who condemns himself, day after day,
To gnaw, like the grim Ugolino,
The scalps of old grievances, gory and grey,
Of injuries dead, and long buried away,
Of hatreds and enmities turned into clay—
Is the worst of all ruminants we know.

GODFREY TURNER.

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

By A. H. WALL.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

(Continued from page 199.)

During these years, Charles Kemble had attained the zenith of his reputation. He had become, to quote Dr. Doran, "one of the most graceful and refined of actors. He was enabled to seize on a domain of comedy, which his brother and sister could never enter with safety to their fame. In his hands secondary parts soon assumed a more than ordinary importance, from the finish with which he acted them. His *Laertes* was as carefully played as his *Hamlet*, and there was no other *Cassio* but his while he lived, nor any *Falconbridge* then, or since, that could compare with his; and in *Macduff*, Charles Kemble had no rival. In the tenderer witty lover, the heroic soldier, and the rake, who is nevertheless a gentleman, he was the most distinguished player of his time." Mrs. Siddons thought his *Hamlet*, though it was fine in conception, was inferior in execution to his brother's, but his daughter Fanny (Mrs. Butler) said, "I think that it is impossible to conceive *Hamlet* more truly, or execute it more exquisitely, than my father does," and she adds, "I have acted *Ophelia* three times with my father, and each time, in that beautiful scene where his madness and his love gush forth together like a torrent swollen with storms, that bears a thousand blossoms on its troubled waters, I have experienced such deep emotion as hardly to be able to speak. The exquisite tenderness of his voice, the wild compassion and forlorn pity of his looks, bestowing that on others which, above all others, he most needed; the melancholy restlessness, the bitter self scorning; every shadow of expression and intonation was so full of all the mingled anguish that the human heart is capable of enduring, that my eyes scarce fixed on his ere they filled with tears; and long before the scene was over, the letter and jewel cases I was tendering to him, were wet with them. . . . Oh! it made my heart sore to act it!"

Such an actor was Charles Kemble, when John finally retired from the stage, to reside at Lausanne, making over to him his share in Covent Garden Theatre, of which he became manager in his brother's stead.

In August, 1832, Charles Kemble visited America, where his sisters, Mrs. Hutton and Mrs. Whitelock, were, accompanied by his daughter, Fanny, who soon afterwards married Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia. In October, 1835, he was again in England, and returned to the Covent Garden stage, where he "opened" as *Hamlet*, and found a company composed of Henry Wallack, stage manager; the lessee, Mr. Osbaldeston; Miss Taylor, afterwards Mrs. Walter Lacy; Miss Turpin, afterwards Mrs. H. Wallack; Miss Vincent, and Power, the famous Irish comedian (then on the eve of taking that fatal journey to America in which he perished), together with a very young lady, happily still amongst us, Miss Helen Faucit, William Macready, Benjamin Webster, William Farren, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. William West.

Mr. George E. Vandenhoff, in his "Leaves from an Actor's Note Book," says:—"I have a very agreeable reminiscence of the production of *Romeo and Juliet*, with Shakspeare's text, at Covent Garden, showing the kindness of a great comedian, now no more, and the interest he took in the advancement of his art. I allude to Mr. Charles Kemble. Every one knows how fine he was in *Mercutio*, what a gallant, courtly, soldierlike, high gentleman he was in it; overflowing with animal spirits, and elegant badinage and playful humour. Mr. Kemble was always very kind to me; and therefore I was not much surprised, though highly gratified, the morning after I first appeared in this character (which, for only a two months-stager, was somewhat of an undertaking) by Mr. Kemble's saying to me, 'Vandenhoff, they tell me you played *Mercutio* capitally last night.' (I bowed.) 'I didn't see you myself; so come; come into the second green-room, and speak Queen Mab for me.'

"Here was a proposition! To speak Queen Mab, in plain clothes, and in cold blood, at high noon, in the second green-room, to the great *Mercutio* of his day. I never felt more inclined to bolt in my life. However, he allowed me no time to hesitate, but led the way to the designated spot. There was not a soul there. I could not escape. Down sat Mr. Kemble, saying, 'Come, begin.'

"I knew I should botch it; how could it be otherwise? What was any audience that theatre could bring together, to this one knowing, experienced, sure, critical, undecivable eye that was now fixed upon me; this one ear so well acquainted with the text, its delicacies, and every nicety of tone and expression required to bring them out, that now waited for my crude and unfinished recitation! But I scorned to take refuge in excuses, which I knew, too, that he would despise as signs of imbecility or affectation; so to work I went, and delivered that wonderful overflowing of Shakspeare's teeming fancy in the most stupid, lame, impotent, and matter-of-fact manner possible. I know I did!

"The kind old actor and courteous gentleman, listened with a pleased smile, clapped his hands at the end, and cried 'Bravo! bravo!' in that high, animating pitch of voice, which his admirers so well remember. I bowed, and looked foolish, afraid that he would fancy I really believed that I merited his applause. Then, jumping up, he said: 'Now, then, I'll speak it for you!' And he placed me in the seat he had quitted, and, in his overcoat—for it was winter—stood up and recited, or rather impersonated, Mer-

cutio's brilliant inspirations, with a grace, a point, a buoyancy, an abandon, that made me laugh and applaud involuntarily. 'There,' said he, 'I don't know how you'll like my style, but perhaps you may find a hint or two in it.' I thanked him; he shook hands, and left me with all sorts of encouraging expressions. Need I say that I treasured the lesson?"

Lady Blessington wrote, "I have scarcely met with a more high-bred man, or a more agreeable companion, than Charles Kemble."

In 1836, Charles Kemble's last appearance was announced, and of that "last appearance" I extract the following account from the *Times* of December 24th, of that year:—

"The stage has lost another ornament, Mr. C. Kemble, who, during a long theatrical career was so great and so deservedly a favourite with the town, last night bade farewell to the profession amidst the regrets and plaudits of one of the most densely-crowded audiences that we have ever seen congregated within those walls. As early as three o'clock a considerable number of persons stationed themselves in the avenues leading to the pit and galleries, and when the hour for opening the doors arrived, the multitude assembled would have a dozen times filled the space that the house affords. The rush was tremendous, but no accident, that we have heard of, occurred. The moment the pit and galleries were fairly filled, the police, acting under orders, peremptorily refused to admit persons to pass, who, had they made their way past the moneytakers, would only have been engaged in a fruitless struggle, to the annoyance of others as well as themselves. The orchestra was thrown into the stalls (which were filled with highly respectable company), and the musicians performed behind the scenes.

"The boxes had been all taken three weeks ago, and presented an uncommonly gay and brilliant appearance. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria and suite, occupied one of the private boxes. The play selected was *Much ado about Nothing*; Mr. C. Kemble, taking his favourite part of Benedick, his excellence in which has long been acknowledged. When he appeared the audience simultaneously rose, and received him with enthusiastic cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, which lasted for a considerable time. The scene was strikingly animated. Mr. Kemble was evidently much affected; but, when silence was obtained, and the play proceeded, his spirits rallied, and he played with his accustomed ease and vivacity. . . . Miss Helen Faucit for the first time essayed the character of Beatrice, and acquitted herself with much ability. She threw a great deal of pleasant archness into those scenes where Beatrice so unmercifully rallies Benedick, and a due portion of force and fire into that in which she incites him to challenge Claudio. Her performance greatly delighted the audience, who were not slow in the manifestation of their feelings. Miss Vincent looked the character of Hero exceedingly well, and played it with propriety. Count Claudio was represented most effectively by Mr. Pritchard. Mr. W. Farren's Dogberry was admirable. He is unquestionably "the most deservest and best man" to play the part that has appeared for a long time. His two worthy compeers, Verges and Seacoal, were amusingly represented by Messrs. Webster and Ross. Indeed, the comedy was remarkably well cast. Towards the conclusion of the last scene, where Benedick is warding off the jokes that are levelled at his change of opinion, with respect to the serious subject of marriage, a wreath and theatrical truncheon were thrown on the stage from one of the boxes on the right of the stage.

"Soon after the *dramatis personæ* had quitted the stage, the green curtain was drawn up, and displayed the whole of the members of the company assembled, to do honour to their retiring colleague.

"After the pause of a few seconds, Mr. C. Kemble appeared, and advanced to the front of the stage, amidst literally deafening applause, which lasted for many minutes. When silence was commanded he addressed the audience to the following effect: 'Ladies and gentlemen,—My professional career is ended, and, had I consulted my own inclination in the choice of a character, I should have selected a part more in harmony with my own feelings. (Cheers). To do any thing with a consciousness that it is to be done for the last time must cast a shade on the exertions of the most buoyant disposition; and I am unable to speak how much, and how deeply I feel on this occasion. (Cheers). To renounce the practice of an art which I passionately loved is most painful; and to take leave of you, my most indulgent and most liberal patrons, whose encouragement and most generous support have been my greatest reward, is not less so. (Cheers). To this latest hour of my professional life, I have never ceased to receive your kind encouragement, and to that encouragement alone I must in justice ascribe what ever little merit I may lay claim to. (Cheers). I wish it had been greater a thousand times, that I might the better have shown myself worthy of those liberal favours which you have bestowed on me. (Cheers). For many, many years, I have been your faithful servant; and I trust that you will not consider me presumptuous if, on the score alone of that long service, and my unremitting exertions to please you on the stage, I express a hope that they will entitle me to your approbation in bidding your farewell. (Cheers). Your goodness is engraven deeply on my heart, and will never be obliterated till I cease to exist. May long life, health, and all happiness attend you, and, with this prayer of earnest heart, I now respectfully bid you farewell.'

"The cheering which followed Mr. C. Kemble's address, which was delivered with much pathos, was loud and long continued. He appeared to labour under very strong feelings while he was speaking; his voice faltered, and he shed tears.

"After bowing gracefully and impressively to every part of the house, Mr. Kemble withdrew. He has wished his patrons and friends 'long life, health, and all happiness,' and we sincerely hope that in his retirement, he may enjoy the whole of these blessings."

In 1840, when Madame Vestris was managing Covent Garden Theatre, her present Majesty who had seen Charles Kemble perform, when—a pretty little fair-haired, blue-eyed child, in white muslin—she had been taken to see her first play at Covent Garden Theatre—expressed a special desire to once more witness Charles Kemble's acting in those parts in which he had before delighted her. To gratify this wish, Charles announced his intention of returning to the stage for twelve nights, and performing once more a round of those characters in the performance of which he had won such great fame. Mr. Edward Fitzball the dramatic author, referring to these performances, tells us that "young and old alike pressed to see this brilliant light of the last century, ray by ray, go out. In succession came the *School for Scandal* (Charles Surface), *King John* (Falconbridge), *Julius Cæsar* (Marc Antony), as they will never be acted again, at all events, in my time. Only take the latter play for instance, Brutus—Macready, Marc Antony—Charles Kemble, Julius Cæsar—Bennett, and Cassius—Vandenhoff. Every succeeding play, as it was acted, seemed to me like another nail knocked into the coffin of my early, as I must gratefully call him, benefactor."

Charles Kemble died suddenly on the 26th of March, 1857, leaving three children, Mrs. Fanny Butler, Mrs. Adelaide Sartoris, and John Michael Kemble.

In my occasional sketches of old players who moved our fathers, and grandfathers to smiles, laughter, and tears, Charles Kemble has had a lion's share of the space usually allotted to each. But this has been due merely to the chance, which, at this time of the year, decreases demands made upon the space allotted to this paper's regular features. I have often, in preparing these

sketches, hurried where I would fain have lingered; omitted, where I would gladly have inserted, amusing or characteristic anecdotes, and so on. Even now I feel that Charles Kemble has received scant justice; and, in conclusion, I therefore venture to append, in token of the regard and esteem displayed for him by his contemporaries, a copy of some verses, which were sung at the dinner given to him on his quitting the stage, written by J. Hamilton Reynolds.

Farewell! All good wishes go with him to-day,
Rich in name, rich in fame, he has played out the play.
Tho' the sock and the buskin, for aye be removed,
Still he serves in the train of the drama he loved.
We now who surround him, would make some amends
For past years of enjoyment—we court him as friends,
Our chief, nobly born, genius-crowned, our zeal shares;
O, his coronet's hid by the laurel he wears.

Shall we never again see his spirit infuse
Life—life in the gay gallant forms of the Muse!
Thro' the lovers and heroes of Shakespeare he ran
All the soul of a soldier, the heart of a man.
Shall we never in Cyprus his spirit retrace,
See him stroll into Angiers with indolent grace,
Or greet him in bonnet at fair Dunsinane,
Or meet him in moonlit Verona again!

Let the curtain come down. Let the scene pass away—
There's an autumn when summer has squander'd her day:
We sit by the fire when we can't by the lamp,
And re-people the banquet, re-soldier the camp.
O, nothing can rob us of memory's gold:
And tho' he quit the gorgeous, and we may grow old,
With our Shakespeare in hand, and bright forms in our brain,
We can dream up our Siddons and Kembles again.

RUFFED GROUSE SHOOTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THROUGHOUT Pennsylvania the Ruffed Grouse is found almost entirely on the hill or mountain sides, where his favourite food is easily obtained, and there are plenty of dead logs for him to drum on. In this region he is universally known among the farmers as the pheasant, or "feesent" as they call it, and is hunted by them entirely with the rifle and without dogs. They pick the birds off the logs as they are "drumming," almost always hitting them in the head, and are wonderfully quick at seeing them in the heavy underbrush. The proper and sportsman-like way to shoot them is of course on the wing. They do not lie well to dogs, being very shy and not throwing as much scent as other game birds, but where the ground is not too rough for the dogs or the cover too thick, they afford fine sport, and he who can bag three brace in a morning is no duffer.

HUNTING NOTES.

BY A HUNTING MAN.

THE QUEEN's had a good day from Down Barn. Met at Mr. Beck's, and all partook of good cheer, for a handsome breakfast awaited the hunt.

The run was all over the grass, by Harrow and Yeading Green, back to Northolt and Southall, but unfortunately the hounds got away, and before they could be stopped, killed the deer. The pace was fast—and plenty of strong fencing—Mr. Talbot got a bad fall, broke his collar bone and three ribs. Mr. Battersby also came a regular "cropper," and broke his collar bone. Lord Hardwicke fell—and Lord Charles Ker was thrown, and getting his foot in his stirrup, was very nearly having a very serious accident. Colonel Paget, also had a nasty fall, and many others came to grief. So this was a "red letter day," and no mistake, in falls. The fact is, that the country has got very deep and holding, owing to the heavy rains—for they have come very early in the season, and many horses are not yet in condition, consequently fall through want of it. The fences are still blind, and the long grass, and bents, are not rotted away by frost yet. On Friday last, they met at Redstone Farm, and our good friend Mr. Headington, was as usual, at his post, to offer welcome to all. I should think that there were few farms that have hounds so often over them as Mr. Headington's, and he is always glad to see them. Uncarted an "untried one," ran to Shotestbrook, there to Holy-port, by Bray drainage to the Thames, back again, the same line to Foliejon Park to Warfield, where he was taken after a good run, and plenty of fencing.

The Crown Prince of Hanover and Prince Christian hunted with Mr. Garth's hounds on Saturday last. They met at Madame Van De Weyer's. And a large company were entertained at breakfast at New Lodge. The gorse was drawn blank, so trotted off to Mr. Blane's, Foliejon Park, the coverts there always holding a fox. The sport still continues good with these hounds.

The Windsor Drag have been again into the Harrow country. Lord's Ker and Petersham, Hon. K. Carington, Col. Garratt, Mr. Richardson, and others had a special train from Windsor at noon. They met at Roxeth, Harrow, over a fine grass line to Harefield, seven miles straight. Lord Charles Ker had another fall, but his horse got away and finished the run by himself.

A curious accident occurred during a run with the Fife Foxhounds last week. A box of fuses caught fire in a gentleman's pocket, frightened the horse, threw the rider, dislocated his shoulder. Really the accidents are getting so frequent now, "that like the eels," one almost gets used to see it.

A strange scene occurred at Crewe last week. The hounds ran a fox right into the Crewe works. The whole of the hands turned out, and had a hunt on their own account, he got into a narrow aperture that divided the yard and the Queen's Hotel. He was caught and to the credit of the place, instead of killing him, Mr. Tandy and others set him at liberty in Lord Crewe's plantation, and away he went, seeming not much the worse for his visit to Crewe works.

Lord Zetland has had good runs with his hounds, they had a good day, from Streatham Castle. Much to the surprise of the field, the coverts in the Park were drawn blank, but found near Broomielaw, where two foxes were on foot. The crossed the Egglestone and Barnard Castle road, to Mr. Lawson's, to Marwood, straight for the Tees Banks. This gallant fox then took the Tees, near Mr. Heslop's, and was lost on the Yorkshire bank, after a fine run.

The hounds then went to Barnard Castle, and had a good run on the Westwick Estate and finished a hard day.

The Collendale Staghounds have not been out this last week. The heavy rains having been the cause of several packs stopping, for the country in many places is getting flooded. Mr. Nurse, the gentleman who hunts the Collendale, was summoned last week to Usbridge for damage. The farmer said that 60 horsemen crossed his land at Kingsbury, and did £10 damages each one, but he only claimed £10. The judge very properly dismissed the summons, and told him he was very ill-advised to go to that court on such a matter, as hunting was a recognised legal amusement, but if he so willed it, he might commence an action in another court. I remember some years ago, a farmer commencing an action against the Queen's Hounds, for damages in the Harrow Country. Mr. Bowen May defended it, and the farmer lost every point, and was beaten.

Now, on the question of damage the hounds do. It is a quite mistaken idea. I have farmed land for years, and had hounds over it times and times, and I will defy any one to see any damage to crops at harvest time. The land certainly looks "ugly" after a big field has crossed it, but the only damage done, is to the fences, and that is easily put right. I can well understand a farmer (particularly if he is a non-hunting man) feeling very vexed when any wilful damage is done, such as larking over a country, jumping in and out of sheep folds when lambs are about; besides, more accidents occur through larking than any way else.

The last man should always shut the gate, for often damage is done by letting the stock out into a lane or another field. I remember a dreadful thing happening—some cows got into a turnip field and "hoved" themselves. This would have been prevented if the gate had been closed—it is not much trouble; but some people have not the least consideration. The Master of the Hounds has to bear the brunt of all this, and many a letter he gets the day after a hunt, which might be prevented. Few people have any idea what a Master of Hounds has to contend with—what with poultry bills, damages, &c.

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to restore Grey Hair to its youthful colour, imparting to it new life, growth, and lustrous beauty. Its action is speedy and thorough, quickly banishing greyness. Its value is above all others; a single trial proves it. It is not a dye. It ever proves itself the natural strengthener of the Hair. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN has for over 40 years manufactured these two preparations. They are the standard articles for the Hair. They should never be used together, nor Oil nor Pomade with either.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLO-BALSAMUM, a simple Tonic and Hair Dressing of extraordinary merit for the young. Premature loss of the Hair, so common, is prevented. Prompt relief in thousands of cases has been afforded where Hair has been coming out in handfuls. It cleanses the hair and scalp and removes Dandruff. Sold by all Chemist and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

Shooting Stars



Miss L. Bannock



Mitchell



Mr. Ch. Drew



A Love of an Archer



A Duck of a Doctor



Alford

Miss Violet Cameron and Miss Katherine Munro

at the

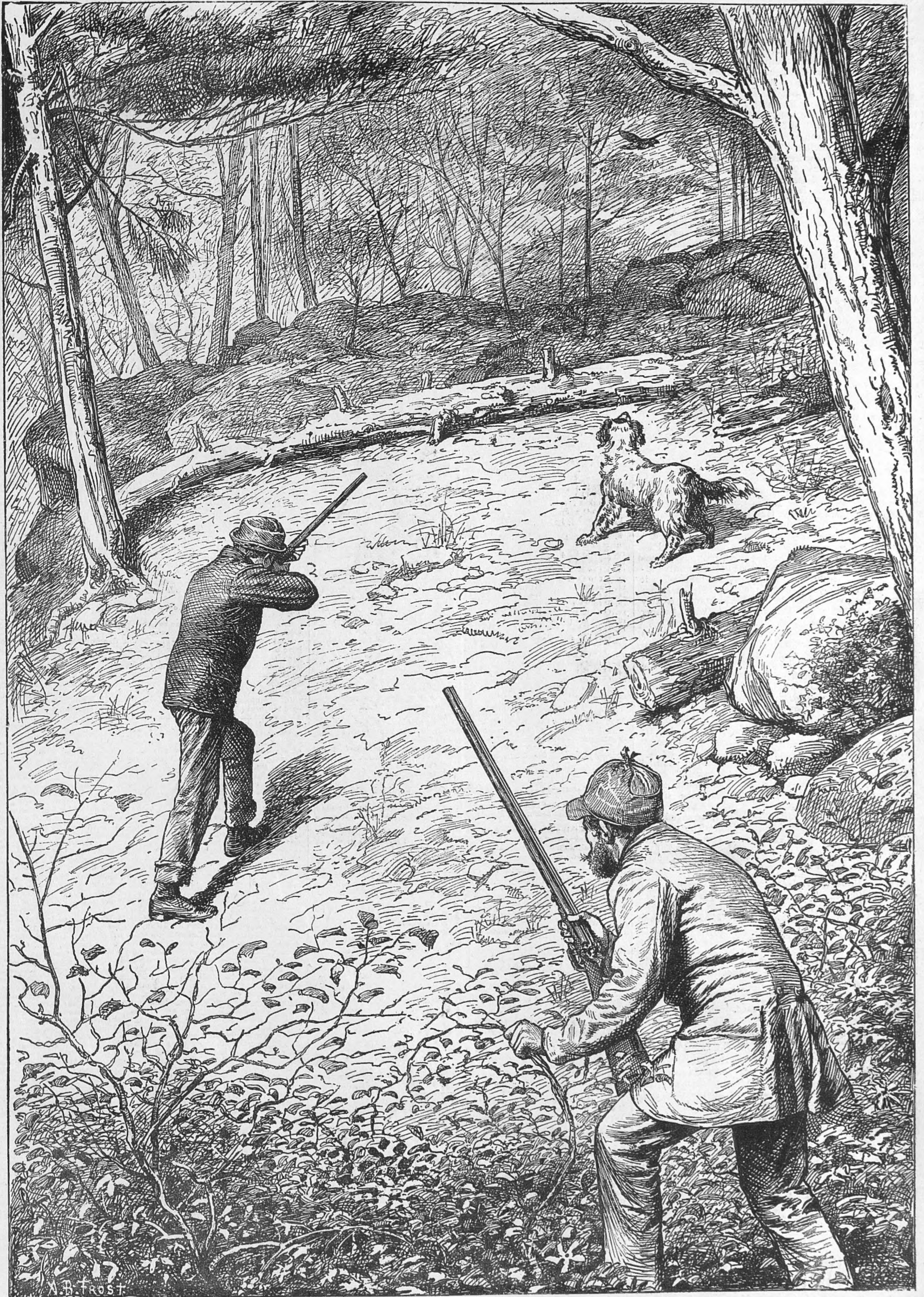
"Folly"



How much
Dorothy Wilson del.



Mr. J. H. H. H.



RUFFED GROUSE SHOOTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

ENOCH & SONS, 19, Holles-street, W.—“Not a Penny,” price 3s., words by H. Harraden, music by E. Harraden, is a very pretty song. The words are quaint, and an original idea is happily elaborated. The gay philosophy of the lover, who, although he has “not a penny,” is more than consoled by the love of “Jenny,” is wedded to congenial strains, and Miss Harraden’s melody is in its way as attractive as that of “Phyllis is my only joy.” The first and second verses are in F major, the intervening verse in the relative minor; the compass is from E to F, and the song merits strong recommendation.—“The Faithful Watch,” price 4s., words by Adra, music by W. M. Lutz. The words of this song are of average quality, but in the last verse the iambic “perfum’d” is employed as a trochee. Lyric writers too often need to be reminded that the word “perfume” is a noun, and that the word “perfume,” although similarly spelt, is quite different in meaning, and can only be used as a verb. It is as ungrammatical to say “perfum’d” as it would be to say “ob-jected.” Mr. Lutz always writes like a master of his art, but he has not been so successful as usual in the melody of “The Faithful Watch.”—“Le Salut Militaire,” price 3s., a caprice for the pianoforte by A. Schmoll, is a characteristic and well written composition.—“Slumber calm,” price 3s., by W. Smallwood, is a drawing-room solo, neatly written, and suitable to pianists of moderate pretensions.—“Chant d’Espérance,” price 4s., by C. Minasi, is a melodious drawing-room solo for pianoforte. The leading theme bears resemblance to the opening phrase of the duet at the end of the first act of *Faust*, and none of the themes are completely original, but all are skilfully treated, and the solo will be acceptable to pianists in search of an effective but not difficult piece.—“The Cori-cori” Polka, price 3s., is a pianoforte adaptation by Arban, of one of the most popular melodies in Lecocq’s opera *La Marjolaine*. The “Mar-jolaine Quadrille,” price 4s., adapted by Arban from the same opera, will be found melodious and fresh, and excellently suited to ball-room purposes. The same remark will apply to the “Mar-jolaine Waltzes,” price 4s., arranged by G. Lamothe, whose name is a guarantee for skilful workmanship.

R. MILLS AND SONS, 140, New Bond-street, W.—“Un Verno a notte bruna,” price 4s., by S. Scuderi. This Italian romance is well written, and Signor Scuderi has set its sympathetically. He has, indeed, been more solicitous to give every chance to the poetry than to invent striking melodies.—“The Revenge,” price 4s., by the same composer, is a setting of some words by R. Barnett, who has ignored the laws of rhyme and rhythm, and has unintentionally produced a ludicrously comic effusion. The composer has been unable to impart musical interest to the absurd words, which, however, contain one remark (“Oh what fools men sometimes are,” in which readers of the song will coincide.—“Atalanta,” price 4s., by the same composer, is a duetino, with well written Italian words by Crudeli (?) and an English translation by G. Gumbleton, Esq., who apparently knows little of music, as he produces comical effects by placing accents wrongly.—“I Gelosi,” price 5s., is the title of a vocal quartet (S.A.T.B.), written by G. Zaffira, and composed by S. Scuderi. The work is dramatic in character. A jealous husband who has seen his wife conversing with an unknown gentleman, and is consequently furious, changes his tune when it becomes clear that the unknown was his uncle! Signor Zaffira has ingeniously contrived to provide words which are agreeably different from the ordinary insipidities associated with chamber music, and Signor Scuderi has furnished a congenial setting.

C. JEFFREYS, 67, Berners Street, W., “Fascination,” “Shades of Evening,” and “La Harpe Magique,” three drawing room pieces for the pianoforte (price 3s. each) are from the fertile pen of Miss Julia Woolf. The sentiments implied in the titles are skilfully expressed, and the well known ability of the composer as a pianist has enabled her to embellish her musical ideas with brilliant and effective passages which will recommend these three solos to amateur pianists, and teachers.

RANSFORD & SON, 2, Princes Street, W., “Moonlight Musings,” price 3s., a romanza for the pianoforte, composed by H. Kleber, is simple, melodious, and easy.—“Pleasing Moments,” price 3s., a “Musical Sketch,” for the pianoforte, by A. Macbeth, is an easy and tuneful solo, suitable to youthful students of the pianoforte.—“Eileen’s Farewell,” price 3s., is an Irish ballad, with words by J. Campbell, music by E. Southwell. The music is better than the words, and may recommend the song.—“The Swiss Exile,” price 3s., words by J. Campbell, melody by Weber, arranged and adapted by M. Watson, is an elaborate failure. The quatrain with which each verse ends will serve as a specimen of the rhym and rhythm.

Ye hills and vales to me so dear,
Ye streams that flow in melody,
While life remains within this breast,
I’ll ne’er, I’ll ne’er forget ye.

—“Come back, ye dreams,” price, 3s., ballad, words by J. Campbell, music by J. R. Thomas, is a delightful addition to the comic literature of the day. We doubt if Mr. J. R. Thomas has ever seen the words which have been attached to his simple out graceful melody, and we find it difficult to understand how such lines as the following came to be published. It may be too exacting to ask “reason” from a modern rhymester, but we may surely hope for some approach to “rhyme”—to say nothing of rhythm.

Soft o’er my mem’ry come, sadly sweet,
Fond recollections of friends of my early days,
Light were our hearts as we hasten’d to meet,
True was the welcome hand gave to hand.

The second verse begins thus—

Where are ye vanish’d, dreams of my youth?
Oh where are the hopes that made life all so beautiful?
Were they but visions, or dawning of truth,
Wafted by angels from some fairer star?

Mr. J. Campbell’s 13 syllable line takes away one’s breath. He means well, no doubt; but Mr. J. R. Thomas should guard against any future association of his music with such perilous stuff as the words of “Come back, ye dreams.”

MR. EDWARD MARKS, who acted as secretary to the late Piscatorial Exhibition, and whose valuable services were so substantially recognised by the exhibitors, has been appointed secretary of the Westminster Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society.

CHEAP POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.—Every gentleman who appreciates the luxury of a real Irish linen cambric handkerchief should write to Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, for samples (post-free) of their gents’ fine linen cambric, hemmed for use, at 8s. 1rd. per dozen, and their gentlemen’s hem-stitched handkerchiefs (now so much worn), beautifully fine, at 12s. 9d. per dozen. By so doing a genuine article (all pure flax) will be secured, and a saving effected of at least 50 per cent.—[ADVT.]

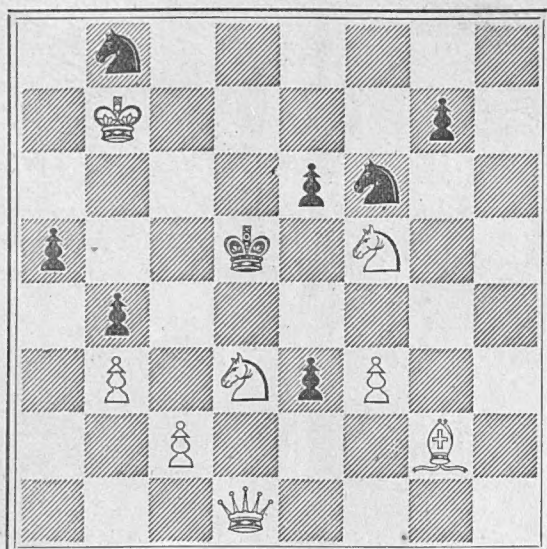
DOGS OF ALL AGES AND BREEDS ARE SUBJECT TO WORMS. SYMPTOMS: Unhealthy appearance of coat, hair looking dead and not lying smoothly, condition bad although appetite good, spirits dull, nose hot and dry, and breath offensive. One dose of NALDIRE’S POWDER removes worms within an hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach and producing first-rate condition. “Rhiwlas, Bala, North Wales, September 21, 1874—I gave a NALDIRE’S POWDER to a colley on Saturday last, and in ten minutes he evacuated a tapeworm 30 yards 2 feet in length. I consider the Powder effectual.—R. J. LLOYD PRICE.” NALDIRE’S POWDERS are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s., 6d., 5s., by all Chemists, and on receipt of stamps by BARCLAY AND SONS, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[ADVT.]

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. A.—Many thanks for your very pretty problem.
J. H.—We have examined the positions referred to in the game you forwarded to us, and intend to pronounce judgment in the matter next week. What but insolence and maliciousness could you expect from such a quarter!
A. H. (Croydon).—Your interesting paper duly received. We send you the information you require, by private letter.
Solutions of Problem No. 167, by G. D. and J. S. are correct.

PROBLEM NO. 168.
By J. W. ABBOTT.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.

THE tourney at the above club is making rapid progress; the second round has been finished, and we have the pleasure to subjoin two interesting encounters between Messrs. Vyse and Macdonnell:—

[Remove Black’s K B P.]
WHITE. (Mr. W. E. Vyse) BLACK. (Mr. Macdonnell)
1. P to K 4 P to K 3
2. P to Q 4 P to Q 4 (ch)
3. B to Q 3 P to Q 4
4. P takes P (a) Q takes B P
5. B to Q 2 (b) K to K B 3
6. K to Q B 3 K to Q R 4
7. B to K 1 K to B 3
8. P to Q R 3 P to Q 3
9. P to B 4 P to B 2
10. P to Q Kt 4 Q to B 2
11. Kt to Kt 5 Q to R 2
12. Kt to K B 3 P to Q R 3
13. Kt to Q B 3 K to K 5
14. Castles K to R 4
15. B to Q 2 Q to R 4
16. P to Kt 3 Q to R 4
17. Q to K 2 B to Kt 3 (ch)
18. K to R sq Castles
19. K to K 2 R to B 3
20. Kt to K 2 B to Q 2
21. P to B 3 Q to K B sq
22. Kt to Kt 5 B to K 6 (c)
23. B takes B Kt takes B
24. Q to B 3 Q to K Kt 5
25. Q to Kt 2 Q to K 4
26. K R to Q sq (d) K to K 6
27. Q to R 3 Q takes Q
28. Kt takes Q Kt takes R
(a) This is now considered the strongest move here.
(b) Much better than Kt to B 3, as it forces the Q into a cramped position.
(c) A strong move. White must take this B, as, if he retreats his own B, then Black takes Kt with his Q, with a won game.
(d) Certainly his best course; he cannot remove the attacked B on account of Kt to K 6, and he cannot take the Kt, for then Black wins thus—
26. R takes R
27. R takes R
28. Kt to Kt sq
(e) Premature—he ought to have proceeded to double his Rooks on Q B file.
(f) We think that had Black now played what at the time we understand he considered the best move, namely, P to Kt 4, he must have won the game easily.
(g) From this point to the end White’s play is admirable; and Mr. Macdonnell acknowledged that he was quite unprepared for such a display of scientific skill on the part of his opponent.
(h) Another careless move; he ought to have played R to Q 5, protecting his P.
(i) Seldom; if ever, does an amateur receiving such odds, play a difficult end-game like this, with such ingenuity and mathematical precision as White exhibits; most provokingly for his opponent, he makes none but the best moves.

[Remove Black’s K B P.]
WHITE. (Mr. Vyse) BLACK. (Mr. Macdonnell)
1. P to K 4 P to K 3
2. P to Q 4 P to Q 4
3. P to K B 3 Kt to K R 3
4. Kt to K B 3 (a) B to Kt 5
5. P to K R 3 B takes Kt
6. Q takes B P to K 4 (b)
7. P to Q 5 Kt to Q 2
8. B to Kt 5 P to R 3
9. B takes Kt Q takes B
10. P takes P P takes P
11. B takes Kt P takes P
12. Q to R 5 (ch) K to Q sq
13. Q takes P (c) B to Kt 2
14. Q to B 4 B takes P
15. P to B 3 Q to K 2
16. Castles R to Q sq
17. R to Q sq R to K B sq
18. Q takes R P R to B 3
19. Q to K 3 Q to K 4
20. Kt to Q 2 Q takes B P
21. Q to Kt 5 Q to Q 5 (ch)
22. K to R sq K to K 2
23. R to K sq Q to K 4
24. Q to Kt 7 (ch) R to B 2
25. Q to Kt 4 R to B 5
26. Q to Kt 3 B to B 6
and wins.

(a) White ought not to have allowed Black to pin this Kt.
(b) A good move, to which White makes the best reply.
(c) An extraordinary blunder for so careful and clever a player to make; however, his after-play fully atones for his carelessness on this move.

THE chess community has incurred no small loss by the death of Mr. Remington Wilson, which took place at his residence, Bromhead Hall, Yorkshire, on the 25th ult. Mr. Wilson was well known for many years as an ingenious solver of problems, an industrious collector of fine (unpublished) games, and the possessor of the best chess library in the world. He was, moreover, a skilful player over the board, and a most liberal patron of the game.
The chess world has been full of life and activity during the past fortnight. On last Tuesday week the annual reunion of the members and friends of the famous Nottingham Chess Club was held. The chairman on the occasion was the President of the club, Mr. Hamel, one of the cleverest of our amateurs. The Rev. A. B. Skipworth was amongst the visitors. The meeting passed off very satisfactorily. The play, we understand, being in many cases excellent, and the banquet—what it always is at Nottingham—truly sumptuous.
An interesting match is now being played between Miss Rudge and Mr. E. Thorold; the latter giving the odds of a Kt. The score at present is in favour of Mr. Thorold. This is the third match on these terms. On the two former occasions the lady was victorious.
GRANTHAM will be the scene of a grand chess gathering on the last day of this year. The first prize will be £10 and a silver cup, added thereto by H.R.H. Prince Leopold. The principal tourney will be open to all comers, except those who have won the chief prizes in the “British Chess Association” Congresses.
A new edition of “Chess Gems,” containing 700 Problems, by the best composers, will shortly be issued. It is edited by Mr. J. A. Miles, of Fakenham, Norfolk.
The Holloway Press is now publishing every Saturday a series of interesting articles on the various London Chess Rooms and Clubs. We heartily wish success to the undertaking; but the editor must beware of insidious, self-seeking pseudo-politicians.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

CROYDON NOVEMBER MEETING.—(Concluded.)

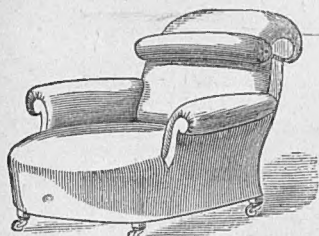
THURSDAY.

The NORWOOD STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; about two miles and a half.
Mr. Hefford’s ch m Verity, by Filbert—Little Jane, 6 yrs, rost 9lb
Mr. T. A. Hubbard’s ch m Dewdrop, aged, rost 12lb.....Mr. E. P. Wilson 1
Mr. F. Phillips’s b g Melrose, 5 yrs, rost 12lb.....Baverstock 3
Also ran: Lord Colney, aged, rost 10lb; Rock Savage, aged, rost 12lb; Number One, aged, rost 13lb; Rattleaway, aged, rost 13lb; Lother, aged, rost 12lb; Foxhound, 6 yrs, rost 11lb; Mimulus, 6 yrs, rost 11lb; Lady Pitt, 4 yrs, rost 10lb. 4 to 1 agst Dewdrop, 5 to 1 each agst Lord Colney and Mimulus, 7 to 1 agst Verity, 10 to 1 each agst Rock Savage, Number One, and Lother, and 50 to 1 (at first 6 to 1) agst Foxhound. Won in a canter by eight lengths; a bad third.
The ADDISCOMBE HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft., with 30 added; winner to be sold for £50; 2 miles.
Mr. P. Hobson’s b g Longford, by Artillery—Legacy, aged, 12st 7lb
Mr. Barnes 1
Mr. Crozier’s br m Minnie, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb.....Hales 2
Mr. S. Western’s b f Incheape, 5 yrs, 12st.....Baverstock 0
5 to 4 agst Longford, 2 to 1 agst Minnie, and 3 to 1 agst Incheape. Won easily by a length and a half. The winner was bought in for 52 guineas.
The SYDENHAM HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft., with 30 added; winner to be sold for £50; one mile and a half, over six flights.
Mr. J. Johnson’s b f Creese, by Tomahawk—Haidee, 3 yrs, 11st 5lb
S. Daniels 1
Mr. A. Yates’s b c Letcombe, 3 yrs, 11st 11lb.....Mr. Barnes 2
Mr. A. Poole’s br g St. Bees, 4 yrs, 11st 9lb.....Hales 3
Mr. B. Gilpin’s Somebody’s Child, aged, 12st 7lb.....Toon 0
5 to 4 on Somebody’s Child, and 5 to 1 each agst Creese and Letcombe. Won easily by three lengths; two lengths divided second and third. Sold to Mr. Hall for 80s.
The HUNTERS’ FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; gentlemen riders; two miles.
Mr. T. Stevens’s b g Tutor, by Lecturer—Premature, 5 yrs, 13st 11lb (inc 10lb ex).....Mr. Friend 1
Mr. J. Clements’s br g Bristol, 5 yrs, 12st 12lb (inc 7lb ex).....Mr. H. M. Rudd 2
Mr. C. Howard’s br g Sleight-of-Hand, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb.....Mr. W. H. Johnstone 3
Also ran: Sheet Anchor, 6 yrs, 13st (inc 7lb ex); Drummer Boy, 4 yrs, 12st 10lb (inc 10lb ex); Highlander, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb; Gazelle, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb; Maidstone, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb; Fitzroy, aged, 11st 11lb; Agnes Peel, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb. 9 to 4 agst Tutor, 5 to 2 agst Sleight-of-Hand, 6 to 1 each agst Bristol and Sheet Anchor, 8 to 1 agst Drummer Boy, and 100 to 8 agst Gazelle. Won easily by two lengths; a length divided second and third.
The WICKHAM HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; winners extra; about one mile and three-quarters, over seven flights.
Mr. Fowler Jones’s br c Knight of the Bath, by Knight of the Garter—Parade, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb.....Baverstock 1
Mr. T. V. Morgan’s br g Gilestone, 4 yrs, 11st 6lb (inc 7lb ex).....R. I’Anson 2
Captain D. Lane’s br c Calton, 3 yrs, 10st.....S. Daniels 3
Also ran: Rattle, aged, 11st 8lb; Brown Holland, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb; Amantias, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb; Annette, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb; Don Giovanni, 3 yrs, 10st. 2 to 1 agst Gilestone, 4 to 1 agst Annette, 5 to 1 agst Knight of the Bath, 6 to 1 each agst Brown Holland and Calton, 10 to 1 agst Rattle, and 20 to 1 agst Don Giovanni. Won easily by five lengths; a bad third.
The MILITARY HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE was declared void.

THE COBHAM STUD.—A rumour was current in London on Friday week to the effect that some of the Cobham Stud Company’s mares had succumbed to an illness similar to that which carried off Viridis, Appeal, and Australasian at Hampton Court Paddocks last week. We are pleased, however, to be able to contradict the *canard*, Mr. Bell telegraphing us that the report is “a pure fabrication, and that there is not even a case of sickness in the establishment.”—*Sporting Life*.
CIRCE (2 yrs), by Lacydes out of Aminette, has been renamed *Lachrymose*.
COLOURS OF RIDERS.—Duke of Rutland: Light blue, purple sleeves, black cap.
THE following assumed name has been registered in accordance with the Grand National Rules:—Mr. Easton Grey.
FOREFEIT LIST.—Flat Race.—The forfeits due from the following persons have been paid:—Mr. J. Coney and Mr. C. Symonds. The forfeits due from the following horses have been paid:—Mr. J. Coney and Mr. C. Symonds. The forfeits due from the following horses have been paid:—Colt by Brother to Stratford, dam by Tom Bowline out of Coalition, Sir William Wallace (to qualify), and Monopole. The forfeits due for Lady Johnstone have been paid. The forfeits due from Mr. J. A. Hinds have been paid. Steeplechase.—The forfeits due for the following horses have been paid:—Coroner, 6 sovs for Liverpool Spring, 1876, Gazelle, and Monopole. The forfeits due for Strike have been paid to qualify. The forfeits due from the following persons have been paid:—Mr. J. Coney, 6 sovs for Monopole at Cambridge, 1876, Mr. W. Marshall, Jun., and Mr. T. Smyth.
TIRE NOMENCLATURE.—Mr. E. C. Smith’s Foals: Bay filly by Pax out of Maybub, *Miss May*; brown filly by Pax out of Lady Warwick, *Miss Coventry*. Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry’s bay filly (2 yrs) by Knowsley out of Piracy, *Raid*. Yearlings.—Bay or brown filly by Broomielaw out of Piracy, *Razzia*; bay filly by Vulcan out of Logline, *Shayline*; bay or brown colt by Carlos out of Laura, by the Reiver, *Carlo*. Foals.—Bay colt by Carlos out of Laura, by the Reiver, *Carline*; brown colt by Paul Jones out of Lady Gertrude, *Tom Jones*; bay filly by Suffolk out of Stud, *Sleeve-Link*. Mr. H. Davenport’s brown colt (2 yrs) (late Saradet) by Ruy Blas out of Sœur de Compromise, *Rubigant*. Mr. J. S. Halford’s bay filly (2 yrs) by Stentor out of St. Etheldreda, *Stephanie*; bay filly (2 yrs) by Muskiet out of Queen of Prussia, *Gest*. Mr. D. Cowie’s chestnut yearling colt (late H.B.) by Orest out of Water Wagtail, *First Spec*. Mr. C. Blanton’s black filly (2 yrs) by Cathedral out of Lady Sophie, *Lady Address*; bay filly (2 yrs) by Tibthorpe, out of Adeline, *Rudstone*; chestnut yearling colt by Cathedral out of Lady Sophie, *Exeter*; chestnut yearling filly by Cathedral out of Costabelle, *Chiesa*; bay colt-foal by The Rake out of Lady Sophie, *Crackman*. Mr. T. Jennings, jun., bay yearling colt by Vulcan out of Cherry Tree, *Mulciber*. Lord St. Vincent’s bay yearling colt by Salvano out of Vigorous, *Eagle*. Mr. J. Harding’s bay or brown yearling colt by Wandering Minstrel out of Heliotrope, by Dundee, *King Conradin*. Duke of Montrose’s yearlings: Brown colt by Cardinal York out of Sparrow’s dam, *Lennex*; bay colt (late South African) by Glenlyon out of Volt, *Gartmore*; brown colt (late Forest Chief) by Glenlyon out of Daisy, *Glen Arklet*.

VETERINARY CERTIFICATES, signed by Mr. W. Barrow, jun., of Newmarket, M.R.C.V.S.L., of the ages of the following yearlings (bred in America), the property of the Duke of Hamilton, have recently been lodged at Messrs. Weatherby’s:—Bay colt by Imp. Glenelg out of La Polka, chestnut colt by Imp. Glenelg out of Ufrica, bay filly by Imp. Glenelg out of Stamps, bay filly by Imp. Glenelg out of Miss Doyle, Veterinary certificates, signed by Mr. Hicks Withers, M.R.C.V.S.L., of the ages of the following horses (bred in France), the property of Mr. H. Davenport, were lodged at Messrs. Weatherby’s on Monday week:—Baro (4 yrs), brown colt by Chief Baron out of Good for Nothing; Saradet (2 yrs), chestnut colt by Ruy Blas out of Sister to Compromise. Certificates of the pedigrees of the above were lodged on Wednesday week. A certificate of the pedigree of Mr. E. Freeman’s bay yearling filly by Savernake out of Chambermaid, by Thornaby (bred in Germany), and a veterinary certificate, signed by Mr. G. A. Drewe, of Abingdon, M.R.C.V.S., of the age of the same, have been lodged at Messrs. Weatherby’s; and of M. Scavenius’s chestnut yearling filly Mowerina, by Scottish Chief out of Stockings (bred in Denmark). Certificates of the pedigrees of the following foals (bred in France), the property of Mr. H. Waring, and veterinary certificates of the ages of the same, signed by Mr. James Fraser, of Richmond, M.R.C.V.S., were lodged at Messrs. Weatherby’s on Thursday last:—Ch f by King of the Forest out of Acropolis, and b f by King of the Forest out of Lady Chesterfield.

MR. PEDDIE’S address is 2, Place Frédéric Sauvage, Boulogne-sur-Mer.—ADVT.
“NELL.”—Mr. J. H. Loftus’s Irish red setter bitch “Nell,” six years; breeder, H. L. Jephson, by Major Cooper’s Ranger. H. L. Jephson’s “Belle,” sister to champion Lily II., second prize Crystal Palace, &c. The above pedigree was inadvertently omitted from last week’s number.
THE people of Ramsgate, warmed up by the example set them by Mr. Edmund F. Davis, who has recently made such wonderful improvements on the East Cliff, have now under consideration certain alterations which, if carried out, will materially benefit all who have an interest in the town. The principal improvements contemplated are, the connecting the East and West Cliffs, (thereby making a magnificent marine drive), the taking over of the Harbour, and the severance of Ramsgate from the jurisdiction of Sandwich. A crowded meeting was held on Thursday evening last, when, after several gentlemen had addressed those present, it was decided by the majority that the bill should be taken to parliament, but a poll was demanded.



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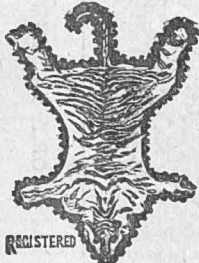
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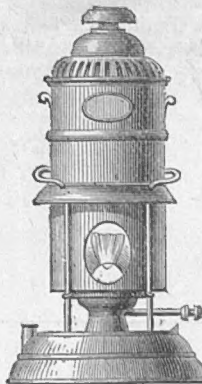
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